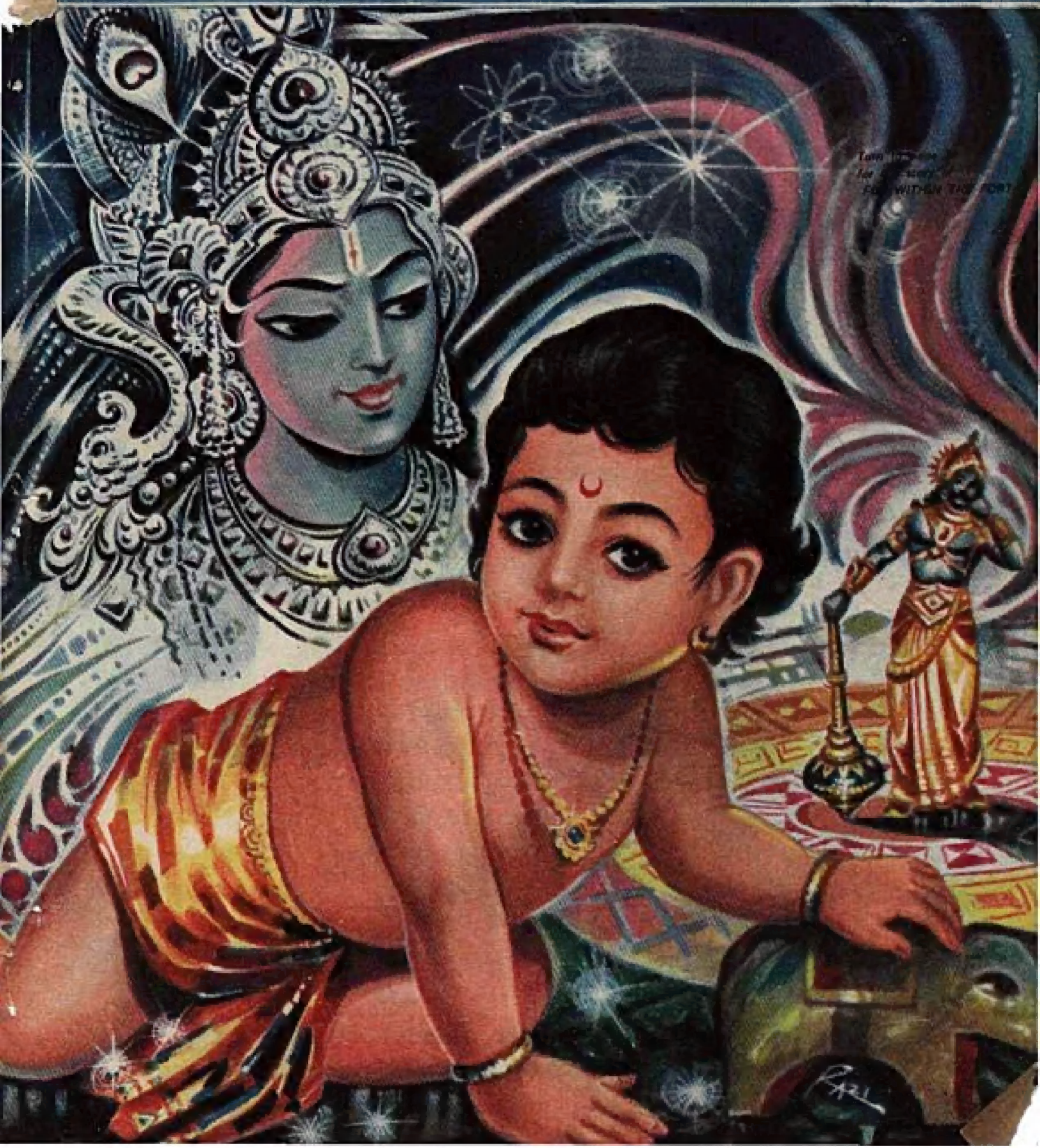


CHANDAMAMA

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Wonder Page of Inventions - 3

The Wonder of the Tape Recorder

Inventor: Valdemar Poulsen
1869-1942 Denmark

Principle: Sound generating electrical impulses can be recorded by magnetising particles coated on tape.

Year : 1900 (basic wire model)

How does the tape recorder work?

A tape recorder electrically records sound on a special plastic tape and also reproduces the sound. It basically consists of 2 spools, a recording head, a playback head, a microphone and a speaker.

Recording:

Through a microphone, sound waves are converted into electrical impulses of varying strength. These impulses are

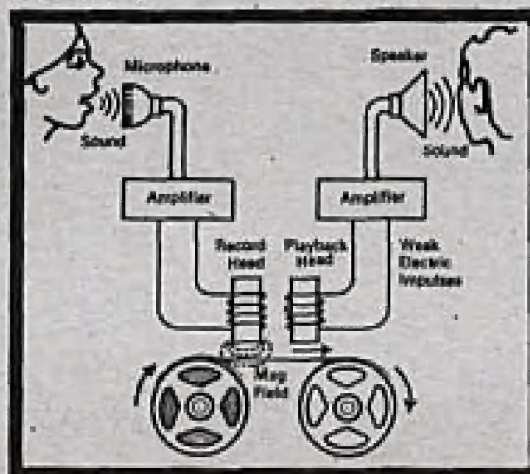
strengthened by an amplifier and carried to the recording head (an electromagnet) where they produce a vibrating magnetic field. When the tape coated with magnetisable particles passes from one spool to the other via the recording head, the particles get magnetised according to the magnetic field of the electromagnet,

Sound is now recorded on the tape.



Playback:

The tape passes via the playback head at the same speed it was recorded and the reverse process takes place. Electrical impulses are converted into sound through the speaker.



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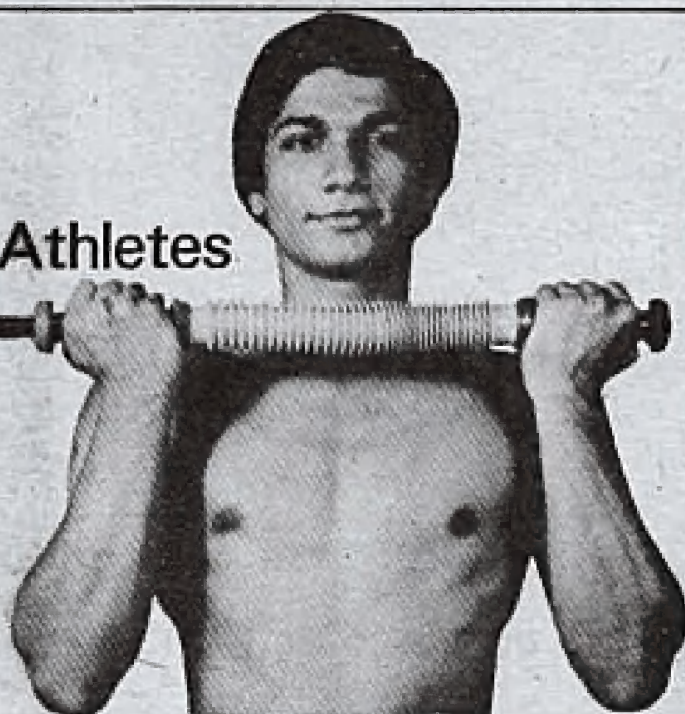
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- ADVENTURES OF MINTOO: A new picture
feature ... Page 11
- THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD: Our serial of
Adventure and Chivalry ... Page 13
- THE PHANTOM CITY: A story from the
Arabian Nights ... Page 19
- THE GOLDEN DEER WHO SAVED HIS HERD: A Legend
from the Buddha Jatakas ... Page 23
- FOE WITHIN THE FORT: The story of the fall of
Vajrapur—through pictures ... Page 31
- TUKARAM: The saga of an immortal sage ... Page 35

PLUS NINE COMPLETE STORIES
AND SIX OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अजरामरवत् प्राज्ञो विद्यामर्थं च चिन्तयेत् ।
गृहीत इव केशेषु मृत्युर्ना धर्ममाचरेत् ॥

*Ajarāmaravat prājño vidyāmarthaṁ ca cintayet
Grhīta iva keśeṣu mṛtyuṇā dharmamācaret*

The wise should gather the wealth of knowledge (with such zeal) as if he would never age or die. But he must adhere to the path of righteousness (so strictly) as if Death had already caught hold of him by the hair.

—The Hitopadeshah

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 9

NOVEMBER 1978

No. 5

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

MEET A FRIEND !

Yes, we are going to offer you a friend. He is Mintoo, the lad of the forest.

We know, you have so many friends, and they are boys and girls who play with you and read with you, share a story today and a sweet tomorrow. They are nice and intelligent.

Let Mintoo be yet another friend—a friend with a difference. He has not gone to the school. And—would you believe it?—he has never lived in a home, sweet home, as you have lived. He had been found by a hermit living in the Sonbon forest, when he was an infant. Were his parents killed by bandits who haunted that region? We do not know. But he grew up in the forest, with the hermit's cave for his home. Climbing a tree and swimming in the river were natural traits with him, as were courage and strength. But what is more, he was kind to others, ever ready to help creatures in distress.

With all this, he merits your affection, doesn't he? Get to know him through the new feature, **Adventures of Mintoo**, beginning in this number of your magazine.



We would like to know about the origin of the English Language.

— Mir Sadiq Ali, Hyderabad
— B. S. Vynatheya, Bombay

"Today English is written, spoken, broadcast, and understood on every continent, and it can claim a wider geographical range than any other tongue. There are few civilized areas where it has any competition as a lingua franca—the inter-national language of commerce, diplomacy, science, and scholarship," says Lincoln Barnett in his *History of the English language*.

Is it not amazing that this dynamic language of today was marked by "uncouthness" (to quote **The Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Literature**) only five hundred years ago?

But behind it is spread a long evolution. English belongs to the Celtic or the Indo-Germanic (Aryan) family of languages. The Celts began invading the British Isles about 2,500 years ago. The Saxons (the North German people) invaded Britain in 5th century. By 9th century Saxon became the prevailing language. The English language slowly developed, through several other influences (like the Norman) and, by 16th century, became what is known as the Modern English.

We solicit a greater attention from you to this feature. Henceforth, every month, the significant question that evokes the most interesting and useful answer from your magazine will win a reward of Rs. 25/. Incidentally, the Story Caption Contest is dropped. —*Publisher*

Result of Story Title Contest held in September Issue

The Prize is awarded to :

Mr. J. Prakash Rao


1-A, Teachers' Colony,

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Winning Entry—'PALATABLE JUDGEMENT'

ADVENTURES OF MINTOO

MINTOO GETS A PET



In the forest of Sonbon lived Mintoo. He thought he was there ever since the sun and the moon learnt to shine! But we know that it was only twelve years back that he, an abandoned infant, had been found by a kind hermit who dwelt in the forest. The hermit was no more. His disciples—a lot of goody goody people who lived outside the forest, desired Mintoo to come and live in their village. But Mintoo was in love with the forest. He lived in the hermit's cave, bathed in a spring, ate fruits, climbed trees and had a lot of fun, swinging. At times he carried flowers to the hermit's tomb. Often, in moonlit nights, he felt that the hermit's spirit spoke to him or gave him some guidance. The villagers brought him food and clothes from time to time. They were pleased with the boy, for he attended upon their guru's tomb.



In a tree lived a mother-monkey with her baby. One day Mintoo saw the mother-monkey, out on a search for food, falling to a hunter's arrow. Mintoo knew that next the fellow will come to capture the baby-monkey, for it was his business to capture the creatures of the forest and sell them in the bazar.

Mintoo knew that under the tree was a deep pit which was covered by a slab of stone. While the fellow enjoyed a nap, Mintoo removed the slab and covered the pit with twigs and leaves.



Soon afterwards the hunter approached the tree in which the baby-monkey sat, waiting for its mother. But, advancing gleefully, the hunter stepped on the twigs hiding the pit and slipped down slosh!



While the fellow kept on howling in the pit, Mintoo climbed the tree and caught hold of the baby-monkey. It protested and even scratched Mintoo's face. But Mintoo persisted in speaking to it kindly and led it into his cave.



(To be continued)

The Prince and the WIZARD

(Badal, in order to avenge his master's death, decides to kill King Bhuvansingh and enters the palace. He is found out and given a hot chase. He manages to escape, thanks to the secret help he receives from Princess Pratiba. Next night, the queen shrieks in her sleep, under the impact of a fearful dream. The king hurtles down to the shrine to bring a talisman that had the power to counteract any evil influence. But to his dismay, he finds the talisman missing.)

II

The king took care to let nobody know about the loss of the sacred talisman—except the queen, the priest of the shrine, and the royal astrologer. But everybody in the palace felt that something serious—even more serious than the trespassing episode—had taken place. That alone explained why the king who looked so merry when the wizard performed his miracles looked so

grave the next morning.

Inside the shrine the king and the queen were closeted with the royal astrologer. The old man had already examined the horoscope of the king and the queen and had said that they were passing through an unhappy phase of their lives. But coming to examine Princess Pratiba's horoscope, he looked solemn and sad.

"What do you see, learned





one?" asked the queen, her voice betraying alarm.

"I do not wish to mince words. The princess has come under an evil eye," declared the astrologer with a sigh. But he hastened to add, "However, there is a benevolent star protecting her, I must say. She may be saved from the jaws of a grave danger by some unforeseen factor, maybe a stranger."

"Thank you, learned one. Please do not lose time in performing any rite which might do good to the princess," said the king.

"I will do the needful, my lord," was the astrologer's res-

ponse.

"Learned one, have you given any thought to the mystery of the talisman? Who could have stolen it and when?" asked the pensive king.

"I have devoted a good deal of my attention to that enigma, my lord," replied the astrologer. "All I can say is, it must have been stolen some time yesterday morning. And it is in the possession of someone who knows its value well and who intends to harm this dynasty."

Suddenly the queen gave out a cry, involuntarily.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the king, surprised.

"The fearful face I dreamt—the fellow who was trying to take our daughter away, resembles someone I have seen only yesterday," said the queen.

"Who is he?" asked the king.

"I am afraid, it is the wizard!" was the queen's reply. All sat in uneasy silence.

* * *

"It is unbelievable!" shouted the king at the dead of night.

Indeed how could one easily believe that the trespasser who had only a narrow escape the other night would dare into the palace again?

But dared he had and despite

all alertness on the part of the palace guards, he was about to dodge them and get away. In fact, when chased along the balcony, he had jumped on to a tree and from the tree to the parapet wall. So swift was his movement that the guards had looked on helplessly. It was only a loose slab of stone on the wall which ultimately betrayed the adventurer. Instead of tumbling on to the roadside, it fell into the palace compound, bringing the trespasser down!

Instantly the guards swooped down upon him. Had not his legs remained buried under the stone, he could have still made good his escape. He was captured while he was struggling to get his legs free.

"It is unbelievable!" repeated the king when Badal, his hands bound backward, was led up the palace and was produced before the king. If it was the trespasser's audacity that had appeared unbelievable to the king earlier, now it was his youthfulness and dignified bearing that surprised the king.

Who was he? What was his motive? The king felt extremely intrigued. This young man could not be a common burglar. He had risked his life twice.



Even though captured and disarmed, there was no sign of fear on his face.

The king fixed his eyes on the young prisoner. So did Badal on the king. The king was extremely eager to unravel the mystery of the youth's mission. But he did not wish to examine him before the others.

"Throw him into the dungeon!" ordered the king, meaning the gaol that was there in the castle itself. "Tomorrow he dies," he added, in order to create panic in the prisoner. But the prisoner betrayed no tension.

"And I do not want anybody to raise a hullabaloo about it,"

said the king in a stern voice. "Where is Samser?" he asked the chief of the guards.

"My lord, he is still asleep, I am afraid. But it will not take more than quarter of an hour to wake him up, if we try," replied the chief.

"You need not try," said the king and he turned away, casting another glance at the prisoner.

Badal was led down the stairs.

Nobody took any notice of the doe-eyed princess peeping at the scene through a window of her apartment.

An underground chamber at the rear of the castle served as the gaol for extraordinary prisoners. Nobody had occupied it for quite some time past. The huge lock was opened with some difficulty and Badal was pushed into it. The chief of the guards had a hurried inspection of the chamber, carrying his bright torch to all the corners. Then he came out and the door was duly locked. He posted a trusted guard outside. Then all withdrew.

The guard seated on a stool of stone had just dozed off when a mild light and a milder voice accosted him, "Will you unlock the gaol?"



Surprised, the guard stood up. "Why should I? Who are you?" he fumbled out, standing up and staring at the two fairy-like ladies before him.

The lady who had spoken quietly raised her candle closer to the face of her companion.

As soon as the face was revealed, the guard bowed down and muttered, "Princess!" And, without a second word, he unlocked the gaol.

The princess took the candle from her maid's hand and entered the chamber alone. Badal sat in a corner, leaning against the wall, his hands still bound backward.



"Princess Pratiba!" he murmured.

"Yes! But the pity is, I cannot address you, for I do not know your name!" said the princess in a tone that was mild yet firm. She knelt before Badal and setting the candle down on the ground, took out a diamond-studded knife from her waist and cut the rope to free Badal's hands.

"O Princess, my language will ever fail me to thank you for your kindness. You can call me by any name you please. That will become my name," said Badal.

"I feel like calling you as

Prince, for you look like one who best deserves that title!"

"You will be perfectly right in doing so, O Princess!"

They now stood face to face. A minute passed in silence.

"Now, tell me the truth. Why did you sneak into the palace?" asked the princess.

"I cannot but tell you the truth. It is easy for me to tell you why I came tonight. It is to meet you! Ever since you let me slip away last time, I have been feeling a great urge to meet you again. The urge has continued to increase almost by the minute. At last I could not

bear it any more and I sneaked in. I was not fully myself. That is why I was caught. On the last occasion, my motive being different, I was so alert!" said Badal.

"What was the motive last time?" queried the princess.

Badal shifted his gaze to the ground. After a few seconds he raised his head again and said, "Once I tell you of that, you will repent for being so kind to me. But I cannot hide anything from you. I had sneaked in last time in order to kill the king!"

The princess gave out a suppressed shriek.

"This is hardly the occasion to tell you everything and justify my motive. However, O Princess, deep is my gratitude for you and deeper is my..." Badal stopped for a moment again and resumed, "Now that everything is over for me and I am fated to die tomorrow, be pleased to accept a gift from me."

Badal took out a ring from his finger. It was the ring which had been given him by the stranger whose horse he had rescued from Samser.

The princess extended her ring-finger.

"No," said Badal, "I must not slip it onto your finger myself. If I do so, you will love me, for this is a magic ring: I give this to you so that you can slip this onto someone's finger whom you will love and by whom you will like to be loved!"

Badal placed the ring on the princess' palm.

Even the flickering candle light showed that the princess blushed. She handled the ring and then, with dignity and determination, slipped it onto Badal's finger.

"What did you do? What gain will be there if I love you—which in any case I do? Do you forget that I am a condemned man?" exclaimed Badal.

"Look here, Prince, I have decided to save you by any means. I do not know what grievance you have against my father. But once I let you go, you will again try to kill him. But can you kill my father if you love me? You can't. That is why it is necessary that you love me!" said the princess with a twinkle in her eyes.

Badal sat speechless, his eyes moistened.

"There is no time to lose. I must somehow let you out of the castle. The question is, how to do it," muttered the princess.

"Princess! I love you. How can I live without you?" Badal exclaimed.

"You love the princess, do you? Impudence!"

The growling voice startled both Badal and the princess. They looked back.

At the entrance stood the king, looking daggers at Badal.

To be continued

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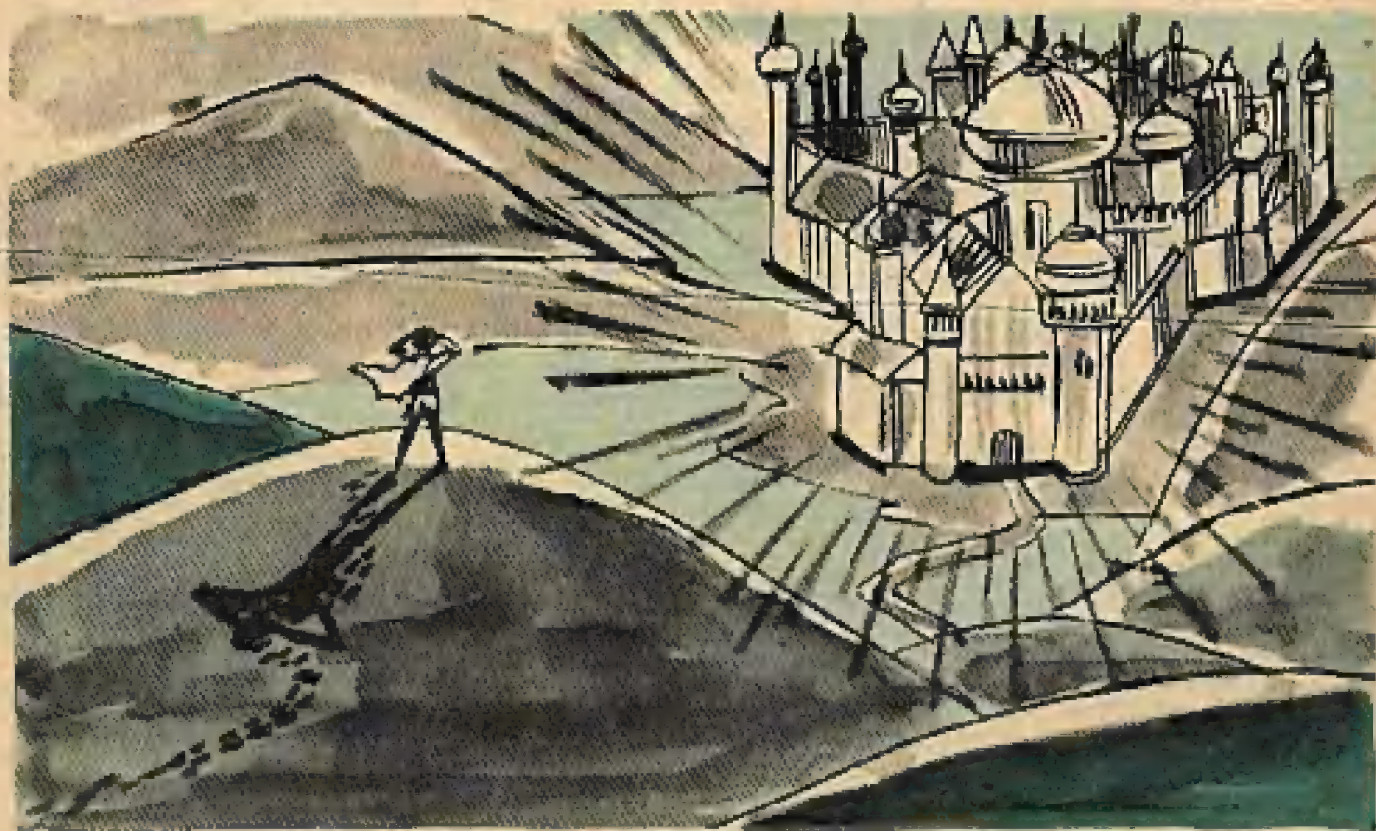
THE PHANTOM CITY

Abdullah lived in a village near the great desert. One day, his camel which was grazing in a field that was between the village and the desert, did not return home in time. Abdullah was worried. In search of the camel, he entered the desert.

He climbed one sand-dune after another and walked for long. He was tired. "Let me climb this mound before me and look around. If I do not see my camel, I return home," thought he.

But he felt giddy while climbing the mound and, for a few seconds, he forgot everything as he stood on the mound. However, he was soon himself again and he looked below the mound for his camel.

But what he saw puzzled him. Before him lay stretched a city which was as though made of the stuff of dream! Against the calm sky of the twilight its dazzling silver towers looked like the castles of paradise. There was not a single house





which was not a magnificent mansion. At the centre of the city stood the most beautiful palace that can ever be imagined with portals, gates, doors and windows which were superb specimens of art.

On a closer observation, Abdullah noticed that the city was without any traffic. There were neither human beings nor animals on the roads. Although evening was approaching, no light was seen through a single window which meant even the houses were without dwellers.

Almost enchanted, Abdullah got down into the city and loitered about in its wide and

excellently paved streets. Soon he approached the main palace and found that portions of the monument were built with bricks of gold and silver.

He entered the palace. Here and there in the spacious halls stood statues of exquisite beauty. Female figures held in their hands gold baskets full of precious jewels.

When Abdullah was satisfied that there was none to observe him, he picked up a basket and filled it to its brim with jewels and left the strange city.

The whole night he roamed about in the desert, not knowing the way home. However, by dawn he saw his village and was glad to be back among his folk.

By and by the story of his strange discovery became known. Many came to hear the account from his own mouth and he was never tired of repeating his exciting experience. Batches of villagers went out in search of the city, but returned disappointed, or were lost in the desert.

Soon the story reached the court of the Caliph. Through the governor of the province to which Abdullah belonged, the Caliph summoned him.

Abdullah appeared before the

Caliph and said that what the great ruler had heard was true.

"How to believe that there is such a city, unknown to us, in our own land?" asked the Caliph.

"O mighty Caliph, I have no answer for that. But I am a poor man. How could have I come to possess such precious things?" said Abdullah and he showed a few jewels which he had collected from the city.

The Caliph asked the scholars and the historians of his court if they had ever heard of or read of such a city. None had. The Caliph then called a very old wise man who lived in retirement and put the question to him.

"O Commander of the Faithful, such a city had indeed been built by a great ruler of yore, Emperor Shaddad. He developed a fancy for building a city on earth which could rival Paradise. He had over three hundred kings under him. He ordered them to bring all their wealth to the site of the proposed city. Gold and diamond mines all over the world were thoroughly exploited. Thousands of divers explored the sea for pearls. Every king had to surrender his valuable possessions.

"In twenty years the city was built and the emperor was informed of it. Then he ordered for a palace to be built at its centre which was to outshine



everything else in the city. It took another twenty years to complete the tower.

"At last the emperor ordered for his family, his ministers, his courtiers, the nobility and the army to migrate to the new city.

"The emperor advanced at the head of a most colourful procession. But he had not gone close enough to the city to be able to see it when there broke out a terrible thunderstorm. After it subsided, it was seen that the emperor, along with many more, lay dead, struck by lightning.

"The emperor's sons who were governors of distant provinces hastened to the spot on

receipt of the news of the tragedy. They buried their father in a cave and heaped gold and jewels on the tomb because their father loved pomp and splendour.

"But people who chanced upon the cave pillaged it till nothing remained. The vanity and pride of the emperor lingered in human memory for long, only to be forgotten in the longer run. The city he had built was forgotten too, for the road leading to it had been destroyed. Nobody knew where it was."

The Caliph heard the story with great amazement. But, the strange city is never known to have been seen by anyone else since then.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE GOLDEN DEER WHO SAVED HIS HERD

Long long ago there was a king who was much given to hunting deer. He relished the deer-meat very much.

Almost everyday he would go hunting. The citizens, in their hundreds, would be required to accompany him to the forest. They would spread over a wide area, encircling it. Then they would slowly come closer, shouting and beating drums. The circle they made would have only one outlet where the king would stand ready with his bow and arrows. As the panicky deer would try to escape through that outlet, the king would shoot and kill one of them, if not more.

This went on day after day.

The citizens were tired of giving company to the king in his daily expedition. Their vocational work suffered. Many of them got injured in the operation.

They met and decided to drive all the deer into a park which was adjacent to the palace compound. Accordingly, one day thousands of people surrounded the whole forest and with their yells and the sound of bugles and drums drove all the deer into the park. Once the deer had entered the park, they closed all its openings save the one which opened into the palace garden. Against that opening they set a gate which no deer however smart could



cross.

The spokesman of the citizens then met the king and said, "My lord, we know how very fond of deer-meat you are. You spend much time hunting and oblige us to waste our time too. We have done something that should please you. We have driven all the deer into the park close to your garden. You can kill a deer a day with ease and spare us the trouble of running about in the forest.

The king at once paid a visit to the park and satisfied himself that what he heard was true.

He strolled in the park for a long time, delighted at the sight

of the numerous deer. Soon his eyes fell on a particular deer which was quite large in size. The king went near it and found that its colour was of luminous gold, its horns dazzled like polished silver and its eyes glittered like a pair of precious jewels.

The king realised that the wonderful deer he saw was the chief of the herd. But he did not know that the deer was none other than Bodhisattwa, the great soul that was to later manifest as the Buddha.

"I marvel at your grandeur. You are, indeed, a remarkable creature. Although a deer, I take you as my friend. Never shall you get killed, either by me or by anybody else. Be free to move about, eat as much grass as you like and drink from the pool. For you, even the gates of my garden are ever open," the king told Bodhisattwa, patting him on the back.

"Thank you, my lord," said Bodhisattwa. But he looked sad because of the captive state of his herd.

Everyday either the king or one of his servants entered the park and took aim at a deer, with his bow and arrow. At that the deer got panicky. As a result of each one trying to

hide behind the other, there was a stampede. While one fell to the arrow, many got injured in the stampede. Sometimes some of the injured died.

Bodhisattwa told his herd, "There is no point in many dying or getting injured when the king needs only one deer a day. Better one of us go forward to die everyday so that all the others could live in peace."

All the deer agreed to this. They followed a certain method by which it fell to the lot of any one deer to die on a day.

Near the gate of the park lay a slab of stone on which the kitchen-assistant dressed the deer after it had fallen to the arrow. Now, the deer whose turn it was to die, went near the stone and crouched there with his head resting on it. The kitchen-assistant chopped off his head and then prepared the meat for the kitchen.

This went on smoothly. There was no more stampede among the deer and no more need to shoot arrows at them.

One day it was the turn of a hind to die. She was pregnant. She told her fellow deer, "I am not afraid of dying. But I do not want the fawn in my womb to die. I request that one of



you take my place today. After I have given birth to the fawn and it has grown up a little, I will take someone else's place."

But no deer was willing to accept her suggestion. However, soon Bodhisattwa heard of her agony. He called her to his side and said, "My child, do not worry. I shall take your place so that your fawn may live and you may live to see it grow."

Bodhisattwa then calmly went near the slab of stone and waited there with his head resting on the stone. The kitchen-assistant was surprised to see him. It was not within his power to kill one whom the king had addressed

as his friend.

He ran to the chief cook and told him of the deer-chief's conduct. The chief cook informed the minister and the minister reported the matter to the king.

The king hastened to the garden and shook Bodhisattwa and said, "My friend, had I not declared that you are never to be killed?"

"But I must die for the sake of a hind who is soon to become a mother," the Bodhisattwa replied calmly.

The king was deeply moved. He said, "Nobody would take the hind's life, I assure you. Get up now."

"Even then I am hardly consoled, for I see my friends being killed day after day. Better I die," replied Bodhisattwa.

The king was overwhelmed by Bodhisattwa's feeling for his herd.

"I assure you, my friend, that all your deer would be spared. They can return to the forest. Nobody shall molest them," said the king.

"Even then I do not wish to live, for, in the forest I see hunters killing other animals and birds," said the Bodhisattwa.

"Very well, my friend, I pass the order right now banning hunting altogether," said the king over whom a great change had come.

The Bodhisattwa lifted his head. He blessed the king and left with his herd for the forest.

(From the *Buddha Jataka*)



TWO DREAMERS!

The innocent people of Shripur had great faith in two persons. They were the village-chief and the tax-collector, both appointed by the king.

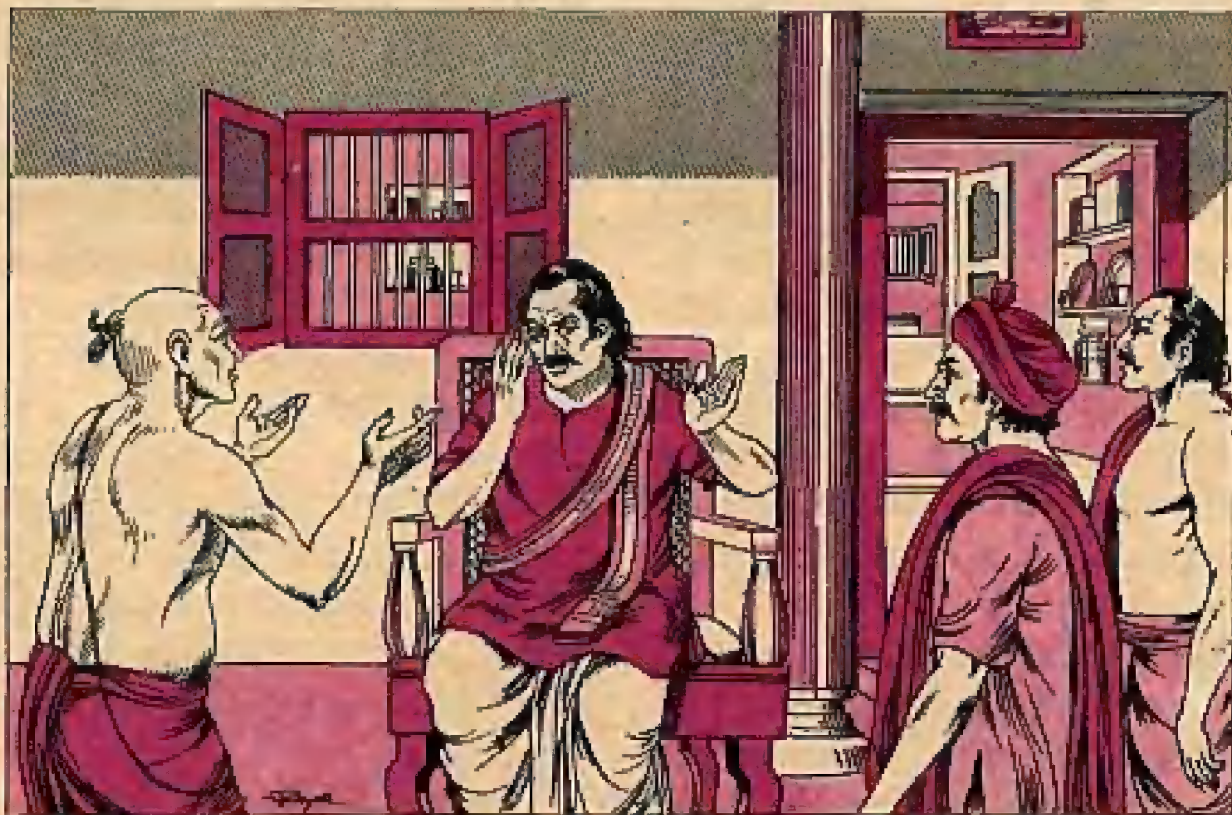
The chief claimed that the king appeared before him every night, in his dream, and gave him the necessary instructions in regard to the administration of the village. The villagers accepted his claim as true.

One morning the chief was on the verge of weeping. "The king did not appear to me in my dream. Maybe, His Highness is dead!" he murmured.

The news spread. Villagers gathered before his house, all ready to shed tears.

"Wait!" exclaimed the village tax-collector on reaching there. "The king is not dead. He spent the whole night talking to me in my dream. That explains why the chief could not see him!" he explained.

The villagers dispersed, satisfied!





THE LUCKY LAD

Govind, the wanderer, and his dog, happened to reach a small village in a valley cut off by a hill from the rest of the region. Suddenly Govind heard a hulla-baloo. Looking in the direction of the noise, he saw a procession following a cart drawn by buffaloes. On the cart stood a young man with his hands bound at the back. He had put on new clothes. A garland of fresh flowers adorned him. His forehead was red with vermillion.

Govind had a suspicion that the young man was being led to his doom.

Behind the procession walked an old woman. Govind stopped her and asked, "What is the matter, granny? Where are you carrying that young man?"

"Why, to sacrifice him before our deity, Shakuni! When hungry, she grows terribly angry. Last year we had no crop because we had neglected to satisfy her appetite. We had a man in our village named Dhanusingh. He had once promised a goat to the goddess. Because he did not fulfil the promise in time, he died, vomiting blood. We decided to revive our old custom. This young man is the lucky lad to be chosen for sacrifice this year," explained the woman.

"Granny, is there nobody to weep for the young man—say, his father or mother?" asked Govind.

"What do you mean? I am his grandmother! But why

should I weep since my grandson would depart to heaven after being killed?" said the woman and she hastened to join the procession.

Govind was stunned. However, he soon hit upon a course of action to save the young man.

He ran fast into the small village. All the villagers were in the procession. He put fire to a hut and then ran even faster towards the place of sacrifice.

The people had made the young man circle the idol. He had now been made to stand before the deity. A terrible-

looking fellow brandished a sharp sword and was reciting some hymns. Others addressed the fellow as Bairav.

Upon a hint from Govind, his dog jumped onto the fellow and dragged him backward. The fellow tumbled and rolled on the ground, to everybody's surprise.

"Something is wrong with the ceremony," cried out Bairav.

"I shall tell you what is wrong," shouted Govind as he sprang forward. The crowd looked agape at the stranger.

"I hail from the original seat of the deity, Shakuni. In our village not one but eleven men



are sacrificed every year. And the priest is no ordinary Bairav, but Kalabairav. This year, among those chosen for sacrifice was a Brahmin. He disclosed that the deity had already married in a vegetarian family and had turned a vegetarian. Human sacrifice will disgust her. But Kalabairav disregarded the Brahmin's statement and got ready to behead him. At once it grew dark. Lightning began striking our village and Kalabairav turned into a dog. This is that dog. I am taking him to the holy places, the seats of true gods, so that he can get back his human form again. Kalabairav wanted to save his fellow Bairav from turning into a dog and that is why he began pulling him," said Govind.

All stood perplexed. Someone noticed smoke emanating

from their village. "Fire!" he shouted.

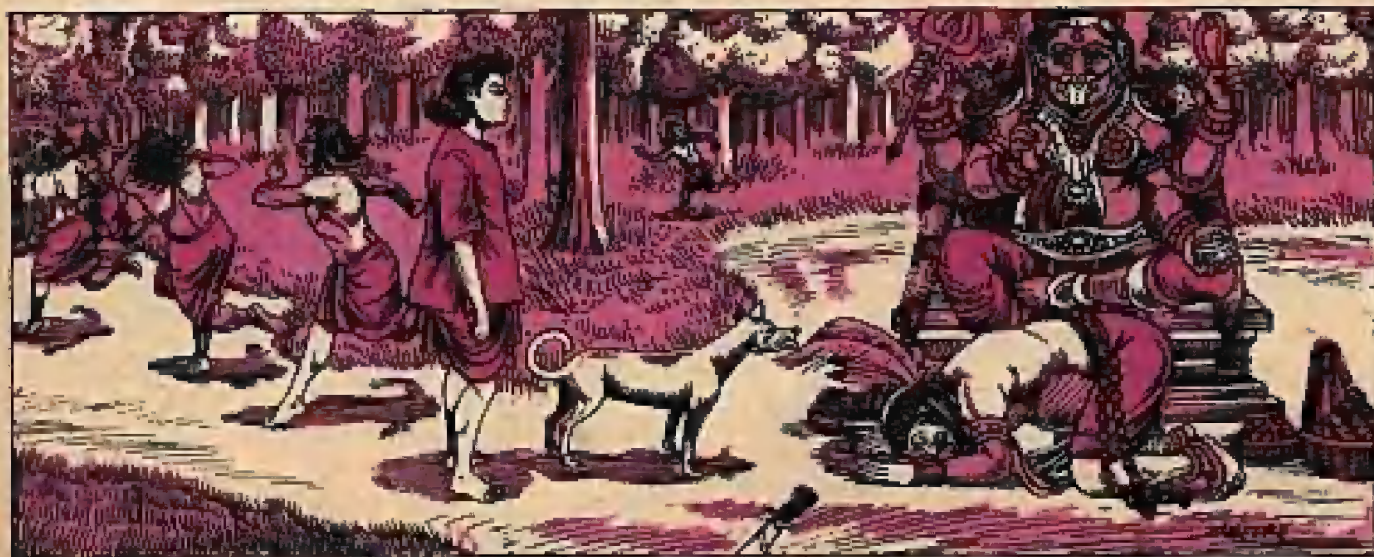
"Because you are delaying in freeing this young man, fire has already struck your village. Further delay will result in a total destruction of your village and yourselves!" warned Govind in an ominous tone.

The young man was set free immediately. Bairav bowed down to Govind and said, "Thank you for saving me from turning into a dog!"

"That is all right. Now you all must run into the village and extinguish the fire!" advised Govind.

The hut that had caught fire was found to be Bairav's!

Govind left the village. He was sorry for having destroyed Bairav's hut; but his satisfaction at saving the young man from death was great.





FOE WITHIN THE FORT

On Mount Sumeru lived a demon named Vajranabha. For long did he prayfully concentrate on Brahma and pleased the Great God and achieved from Him a number of boons.

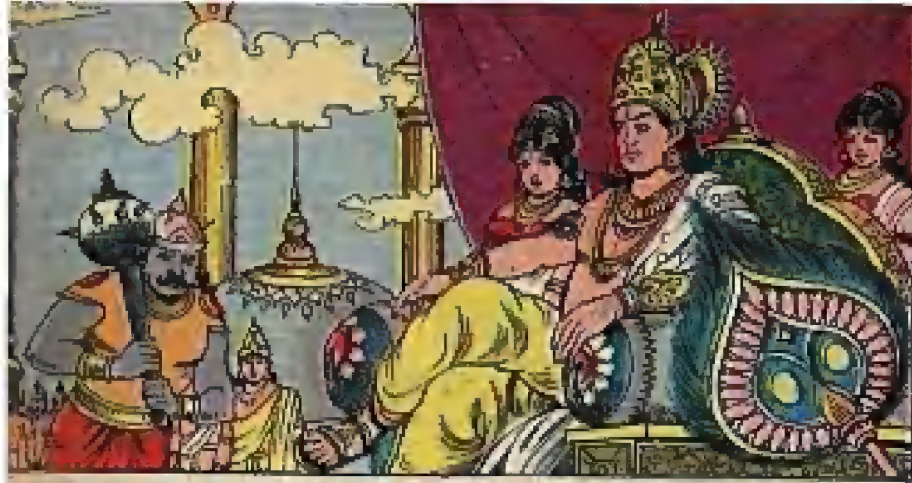
The boons made him almost invincible. What is more, he came to possess a huge fort named Vajrapur. It was so built that even breeze could not enter it without his permission.



Once the master of the great fort, Vajranabha went out for conquest. He defeated king after king and destroyed much of the conquered kingdoms. There was panic everywhere.

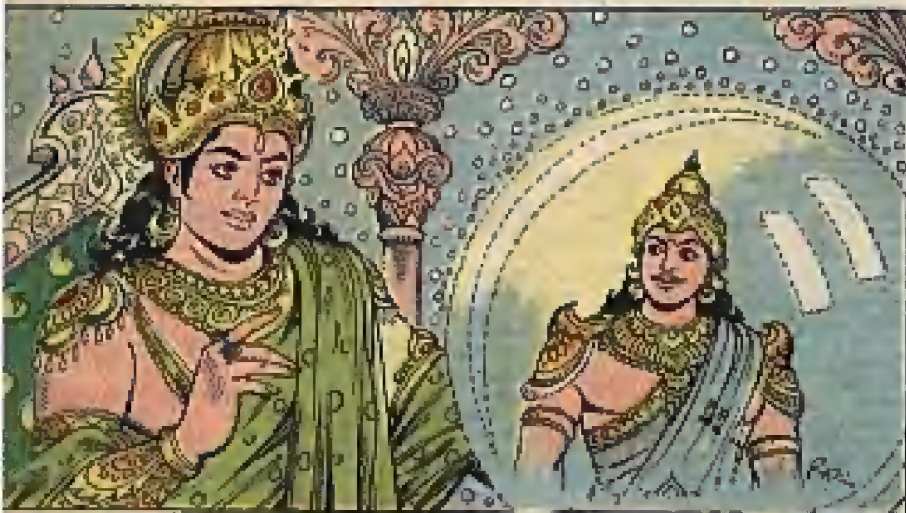
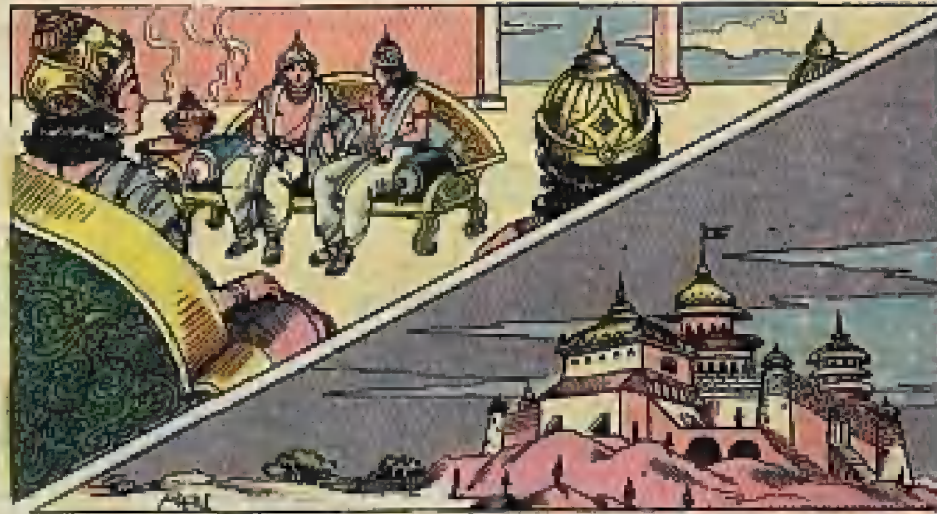
But the ambitious Vajranabha did not rest with his conquest of human kings. He aspired to become the king of heaven. Accordingly, he attacked the dwelling of the gods.





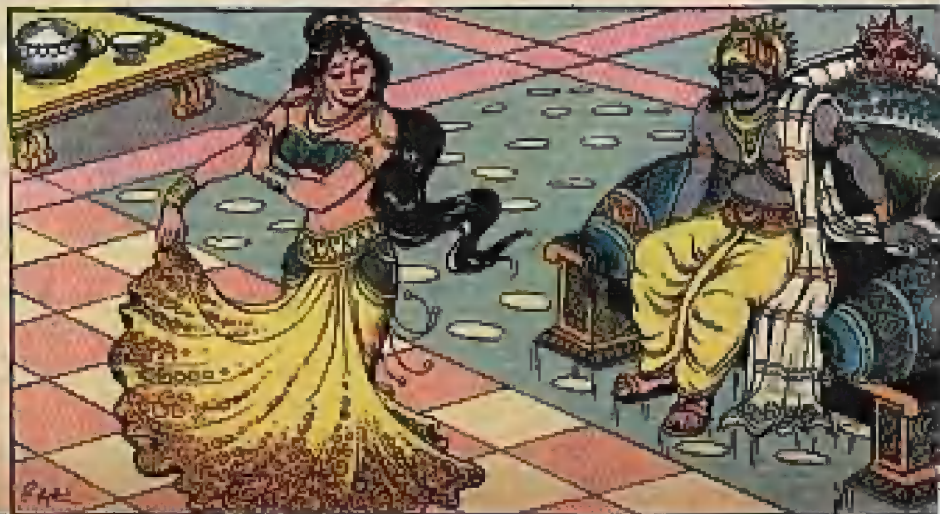
He sent an ultimatum to Indra saying that either Indra should face him in battle or surrender his position to him! Indra was least prepared for the situation.

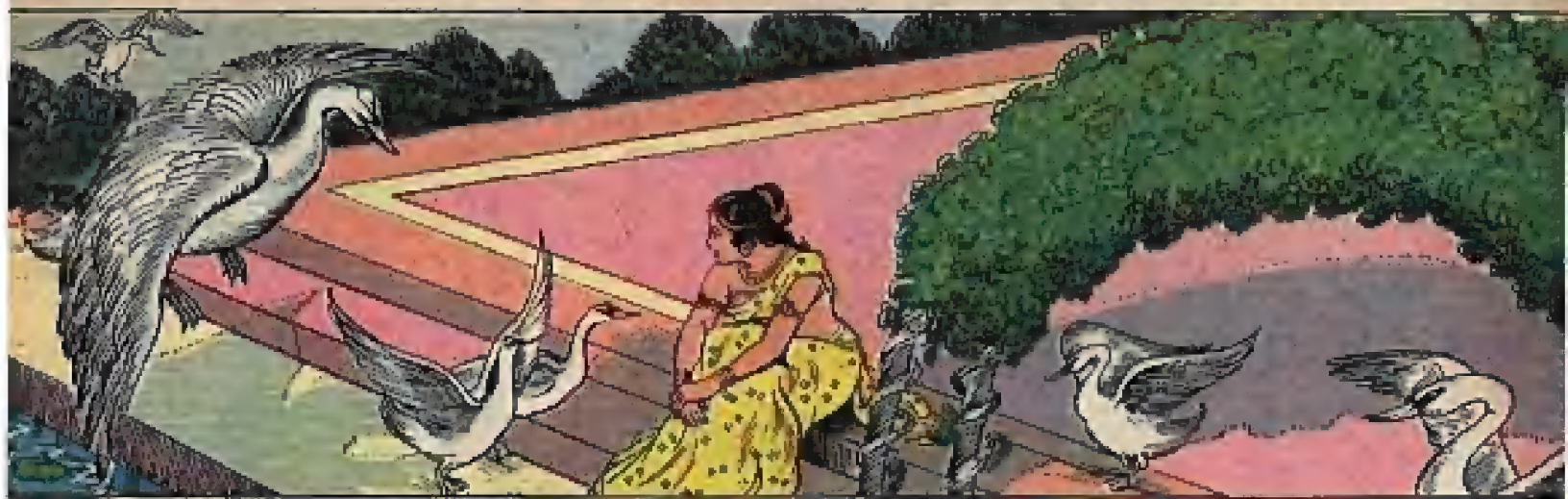
Gods discussed the issue among themselves. They thought of waging war against the demon, but they understood that the demon was invincible. They surveyed his fort at night, but found no way into it.



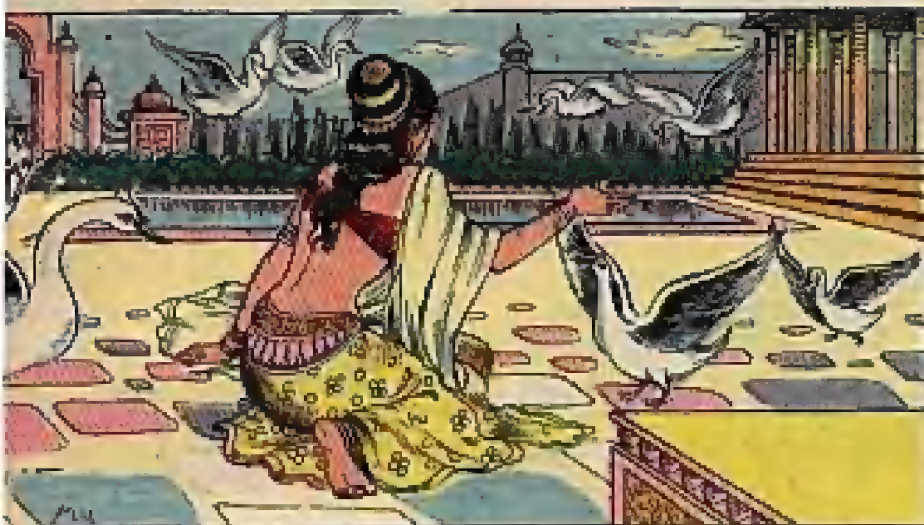
Krishna was then the king of Dwaraka. His son, Pradyumna, was a charming and clever young man. Indra planned a strategy in which Pradyumna can be used.

Vajranabha had a daughter named Prabhavati. The demon was extremely fond of her. The girl was a highly gifted dancer.





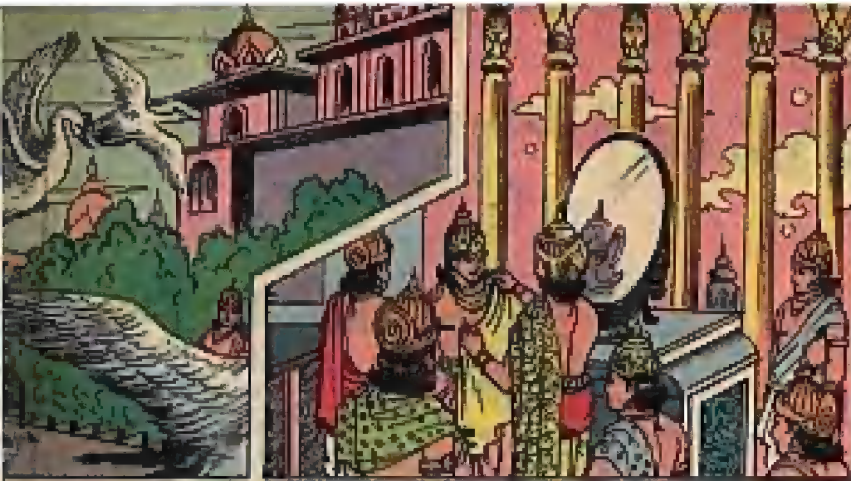
One day while Prabhavati sat near a pond inside the fort, a hundred golden swans came flying. They were the swans from heaven, sent by Indra. Their grace fascinated Prabhavati.



The swans sat here and there in pairs and talked among themselves, "What a beautiful princess is this Prabhavati! It is only Pradyumna, the charming prince of Dwarka, who can match her!"

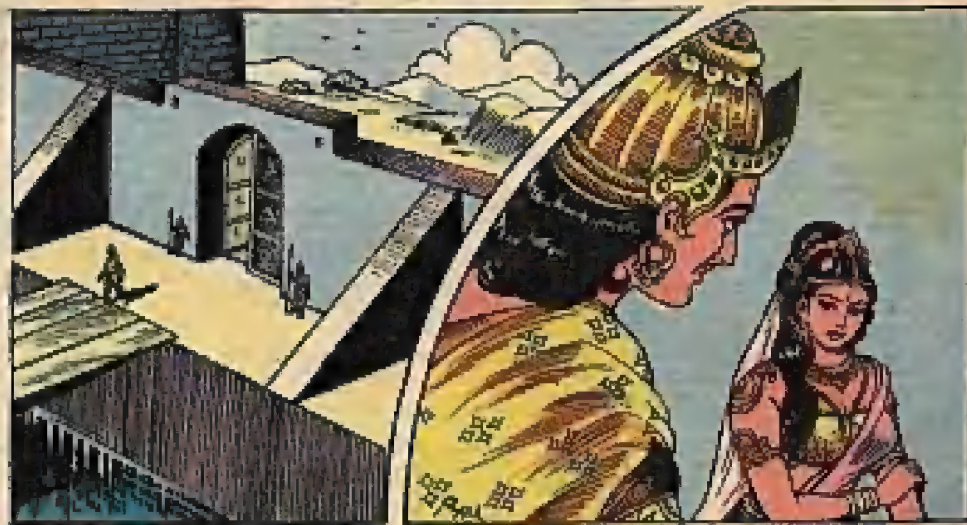
In the meanwhile Vajranabha had commissioned Bhadra, the greatest dance teacher of the time, to come and teach his art to Prabhavati. On his way, Bhadra was lured away by the gods—with garlands and gifts.





The gods, by offering to Bhadra more precious dress and ornaments, took away his old things and gave them to Pradyumna who too had heard of the charming Prabhavati from the swans and was eager to meet her.

Disguised as Bhadra, Pradyumna finds access into Vajrapuri. He meets Prabhavati and reveals to her his identity. Prabhavati is thrilled.



Pradyumna and Prabhavati secretly marry. But the marriage is kept secret. Pradyumna continues to live there. Vajranabha, who was often out fighting battles knew nothing of the affairs. In due course Prabhavati gave birth to a son.

At last, on sighting the young child, Vajranabha learnt everything and challenged Pradyumna. But he fought with half a mind, for he was fighting his son-in-law! Suddenly Krishna's weapon, *Sudarsana Chakra*, came to Pradyumna's help and it destroyed the demon. Later the son of Pradyumna and Prabhavati became the king of Vajrapur.



The Builders of India's Heritage

TUKARAM

Below the hills was a field teeming with grain. The owner expected the grain to be ripe for harvest in a few days.

The only enemy he was afraid of were the birds. They had already begun circling over the field. Soon they would descend in their hundreds and gobble up the grain.

The land-owner belonged to a village that was rather far and he had no time to guard the field against the birds. However, he soon noticed a young man who sat on a hillock and whiled away his time.

"Is this fellow honest?" he asked some people who belonged to the nearby village.

"He is as innocent as a calf!" they replied.

The land-owner asked the young man to keep watch on his field and ward off the birds for a week, at the end of which he would get a bagful of rice as reward for his vigil.

The young man smiled and agreed to do this.

But at the end of the week,

the land-owner found his field clean of all grain! Hundreds of birds flew away at his arrival. The young man, as usual, sat on the hillock, as if enjoying the flight of the birds.

The angry land-owner caught hold of him and dragged him to the village council. The young man confessed that he knew what the birds were doing. But he had no heart to scare them away. They looked so





beautiful and happy! As the number of the birds increased day by day, he was more and more happy.

The village council had no heart to punish the young man either, for they knew that he was hardly a worldly man!

This was Tukaram.

Yet, in his early youth, he had proved himself quite successful in business. Born in 1608, in the village Dehu of Pune district in Maharashtra, he was the second son of Bolhoba, a trader. Tukaram was in his teens when his father fell sick and wanted his eldest son, Savaji, to take charge of his

trade. But Savaji backed out. The burden fell on Tukaram. Bolhoba had the satisfaction of seeing, before his death, his business prospering under Tukaram's care.

The family was much attached to Lord Vithoba of Pandharpur. Savaji soon took to the life of a wandering mendicant. Tukaram, assisted by his younger brother, Kanhoba, carried on the family business, but inwardly his mind was getting detached from it. Others took advantage of his unmindfulness and the business began to dwindle.

One day his wife handed over to him all her ornaments. "Sell them and with the money you receive, begin the business anew," she said.

Nobody understood better than Tukaram the need of recovering his lost position in the business community. He hastened with the ornaments to the town and sold them at a good price. There was no dirth of opportunity for making a good investment of the money. But just then he came across a family that had become bankrupt and was in a hapless condition. He spent all he had to pull them out of the quandary.

He returned home reduced to a pauper himself. The story of his charity spread in the neighbourhood. He was laughed at by some. Others, whom he owed money, demanded their dues more sternly than ever.

Tukaram and his younger brother knew that there were many in that locality who also owed money to their late father. If they could realise those dues, they could come out of the crisis easily. One day Tukaram chanced upon a bunch of papers which showed who were their debtors. Tukaram went out to realise their dues.

He stood on the bank of a river and looked at the flowing water. Time too flowed like this, incessantly. Who was the debtor and who was the creditor? Years later both the debtor and the creditor would have gone. Obviously, those who owed them money had either forgotten about it, or were unable to pay back. At worst, they were unwilling to pay. Whatever be the case, his confronting them with the documents would make them unhappy.

Tukaram had had a last look at the bunch of papers. Then



he threw them into the river!

Now he realised that it was no more possible for him to lead a trader's normal life. He gave up all claim to that and spent more and more of his time in the temple of Vithoba. Irresistible was his urge to compose devotional lyrics. As he composed them and sang them, slowly but steadily admirers gathered around him. His fame as a poet spread—and also his fame as a saint. Those who once criticised him, soon turned into his disciples. Some orthodox priests who grew jealous of him and tried to harm him were harmed themselves!

A legend says that his fame as a saint attracted the great Shivaji to him. The hero would have stayed on with the saint but for his mother, Jijabai. She requested Tukaram to advise her son to return home, for, he had a historic mission to fulfil.

Whatever be the truth of this legend, there is no doubt that Tukaram's compositions had had a great influence on Shivaji.

Tukaram's poems—there are over 4000 of them—have gone a long way in moulding the Marathi devotional poetry. In course of time they have influenced

the devotees of all parts of the country. Tukaram did not believe that any rigid discipline could take one nearer God. What was necessary was to develop a constant contact with Him, whatever be the external circumstance. He sings:

Why do you fast and why
you go

To solitude apart?

Whether in joy or in sorrow
Have Him within thy heart.

Nothing is known about Tukaram's death. Perhaps once he undertook a travel and never returned. The year was 1649. He was only 41 years old.





Princess and the Astrologer

Princess Swayamprabha, wife of the crown-prince of Vidarbha, had a jolly trip into the forest, in the company of her maids. Desiring to bathe in a sylvan lake, she put off her ornaments and kept them on a rock.

The water of the lake was cool. The breeze in the forest was refreshing. As she bathed, she listened to the chirping of the birds. A long time passed. When her maids reminded her that it was time to return, she came back to senses.

Imagine her shock when, after her bath, she found a diamond ring missing!

She looked for it here and there. The anxious maids joined

in the search. "Could a squirrel have taken it?" one asked. "Could it be a bird?" asked another. But nobody remembered having seen a squirrel or a bird around the rock.

There was no question of any intruder stealing the ring. Her maids sat or strolled around the rock. Sepoys guarded the area, standing in a ring outside the forest. So, only one of her maids could have done the mischief.

The princess could have searched them. But she thought it impolite to search all for the sake of one who had proved faithless.

It was a convention to seek the help of astrologers to trace



stolen property. But the princess knew that a true astrologer was rare. Most of those who claimed to be experts were frauds.

She remained thoughtful for long. Something had to be done. The real thief ought to be brought to book. How to do so was the only question. An idea flashed in her mind at last.

The inmates of the palace often spoke quite high of a particular astrologer. The princess summoned him in strict secrecy. Upon his coming through a hidden passage, the princess said, "I have lost an armlet this morning. Can you

tell me who is the thief and where is the ornament?"

The astrologer made some calculations and declared, "It has already changed several hands and is now outside the town. However, it may be recovered after a fortnight."

The princess laughed and said, "You are wrong. It is not an armlet that is lost, but a diamond ring. Well, frankly speaking, your knowledge of astrology won't help recover the lost property, but your fame would."

The princess then confided a plan of action to the astrologer. The astrologer agreed to co-operate.

Next day, a maid announced to the princess, "An astrologer desires to meet you."

"Yes. He is the famous one and he is here at my request. Let us see if he can shed any light on the missing ring," said the princess.

The astrologer was ushered into the inner apartment. All the maids gathered there.

Said the princess, "You have to help me in recovering two lost articles. This morning I found my necklace missing from my box. Secondly, I lost my diamond ring yesterday."

The astrologer sat in silence,

closing his eyes. A moment later, he drew a number of graphs on a slate and then said, "Your Highness, your necklace is not lost. It is still there in your box: it has just slipped into the velvet that is spread at the bottom of the box. Please check."

A maid fetched the box at once. On examination, it was found that the astrologer's assertion was correct!

The princess feigned great surprise. The faces of the maids recorded deep admiration for the astrologer.

"O Savant! Miraculous indeed is your capacity. Now tell me about the lost ring. Whoever has stolen it would lose her head!" said the princess.

"Your Highness, it will take me no time to disclose who the thief is. But I feel reluctant to

do so in view of the severe punishment you propose for the culprit!" said the astrologer.

"I appreciate your feeling of compassion. I shall consider pardoning the thief if she confesses to her guilt before you pronounce her name!" said the princess.

At once one of her maids fell at her feet and cried out, "I am the culprit. Please pardon me!"

"It is not for the ring that I proposed the punishment, but for the faithlessness. Had you asked me, I would have made a gift of the ring to you. However, as promised, I pardon you. Don't do such a thing again," warned the princess.

The astrologer received a handsome reward, though whether he deserved it or not is a different question!





*New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire*

THE DISGUISED PRIDE

Dark was the night and fearful the hour, marked by shower and thunder. Lightning revealed ghastly faces. At times was heard weird laughter. But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the ancient tree and brought down the corpse.

But as soon as he began crossing the cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King! People say that you are a man of charity. I knew a merchant who gave alms to the poor every day. But you will be surprised to know what happened to him. Pay attention to his story which I shall presently narrate. That might give you some relief."

The vampire went on: Manigupta was the richest merchant in his town. A day did not pass without his distributing alms to the needy.

One day a rishi became his

guest. Manigupta paid great attention to the rishi. The rishi observed how Manigupta gave alms to the needy.

When the rishi was leaving, Manigupta stood before him with folded hands.

"It seems you wish to have a boon. I can grant one provided there is sincerity in your prayer," said the rishi.

"O Great Soul, My only prayer concerns the poor of this town. They are many. Grant me that I shall ever have enough to satisfy them with alms!" said the merchant.

The rishi smiled and nodded and left.

On the way he was asked by a disciple, "Will the boon which Manigupta desired fruition?"

"Never!" replied the rishi.

Before long Manigupta grew poor. His charity stopped.

The vampire paused and observed, "There is no gainsaying the fact that Manigupta was a pious man. Why did he not deserve the boon? O King, answer if you can. If you choose to keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Answered the king: "Had the merchant been sincerely concerned about the welfare of the poor, he would have asked the rishi to remove the poverty of the poor. But he desired to remain wealthy so that he could have the satisfaction of helping the poor. It was his ego which wore the mask of charity. Hence the rishi could not have granted his boon."

No sooner had the king finished speaking than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip!





THE WINTER'S TALE

Unpredictable indeed was the mood of a king! Leontes, King of Sicily, is visited by his boyhood friend, Polixenes, King of Bohemia. Leontes would very much like his friend to remain longer with him. But the friend would not. Leontes asks his queen, Hermione, to persuade the friend to stay on. When the queen tries, the guest relents.

But that infuriates Leontes. He feels certain that his friend loves his queen. Why would he relent otherwise? O monstrous jealousy! Leontes tries to poison his friend.

The friend, however, escapes to Bohemia. And that makes Leontes feel doubly sure of the guilt of his friend and his queen. He throws the queen into prison. Their young son is in great anguish at the king's treatment of his mother. Upon the queen giving birth to a daughter, the king orders an officer to carry the princess and abandon her on the shore of Bohemia.

The order is carried out. The princess, Perdita, is found by a shepherd.

Sixteen years pass. The prince of Bohemia, Florizel, falls in love with Perdita, the "prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green-sward." But King Polixenes would not take a shepherd girl for his son's wife! Prince Florizel and Perdita flee to Sicily.

In the meanwhile, the son of Leontes dies. Leontes is also informed that the queen is dead. The king who, in his blind jealousy, had even disregarded a Delphic oracle that had declared the queen to be innocent, is now a broken-hearted man. But no amount of repentance can undo his past follies. However, a great relief comes to him when he finds Perdita to be none other than his abandoned daughter. The son, of course, will not return to life. However, in Florizel he finds another son.

Despite these compensations, he pines for his queen. A maid

of the queen offers him to show a statue—an exact imitation of the queen. The king marvels at the 'statue' which, before long, is found to be no stone but the queen herself! She had been given as dead falsely.

Great is the king's joy. Her-

mione, King of Bohemia, has least objection to his son marrying Perdita now that her true identity is revealed. The two kings become friends again.

The Winter's Tale is yet another popular comedy of Shakespeare.





THE BANDIT'S SON

The king of Mahendrapur was an able and just ruler. But his peace was disturbed when a gang of bandits terrorised his subjects living in the frontier of his lands, bordering a forest.

As days passed the king felt more and more concerned about the activities of the bandits. He decided to act promptly.

The king sent some of his ablest officers to combat the gang. But despite their sincere effort, they returned disappointed. They had themselves been robbed of their belongings. But they had managed to find out the name of the gang-leader.

The minister's young son braved into the frontier. He returned wearing a saree. The

bandits, in order to humiliate him, made him wear it. But he had succeeded in gathering the exact location of the gang's hideout.

Then went out the king's general. He returned bound to a donkey and a lot of colour poured on his clothes. However, he had gathered a very important fact: he had come to know that on a certain day the bandit-chief would not be at his residence.

Next to go out was the king himself. He had taken careful note of the experience and information gathered by his predecessors.

He reached the bandit-chief's hide-out the day the chief was

away, and managed to slip out, stealing the bandit-chief's infant son. He believed that the chief will try to recover his son and get caught in the process.

The bandit-chief had had the shock of his life when he found his child missing. The king let the news of his stealing the bandit's child spread. The news duly reached the bandit.

He realised that the king had laid a fine trap to catch him. Even then he could not but try to rescue the child.

He donned the disguise of a hermit and arrived at the king's castle. He introduced himself as a certain hermit whom king

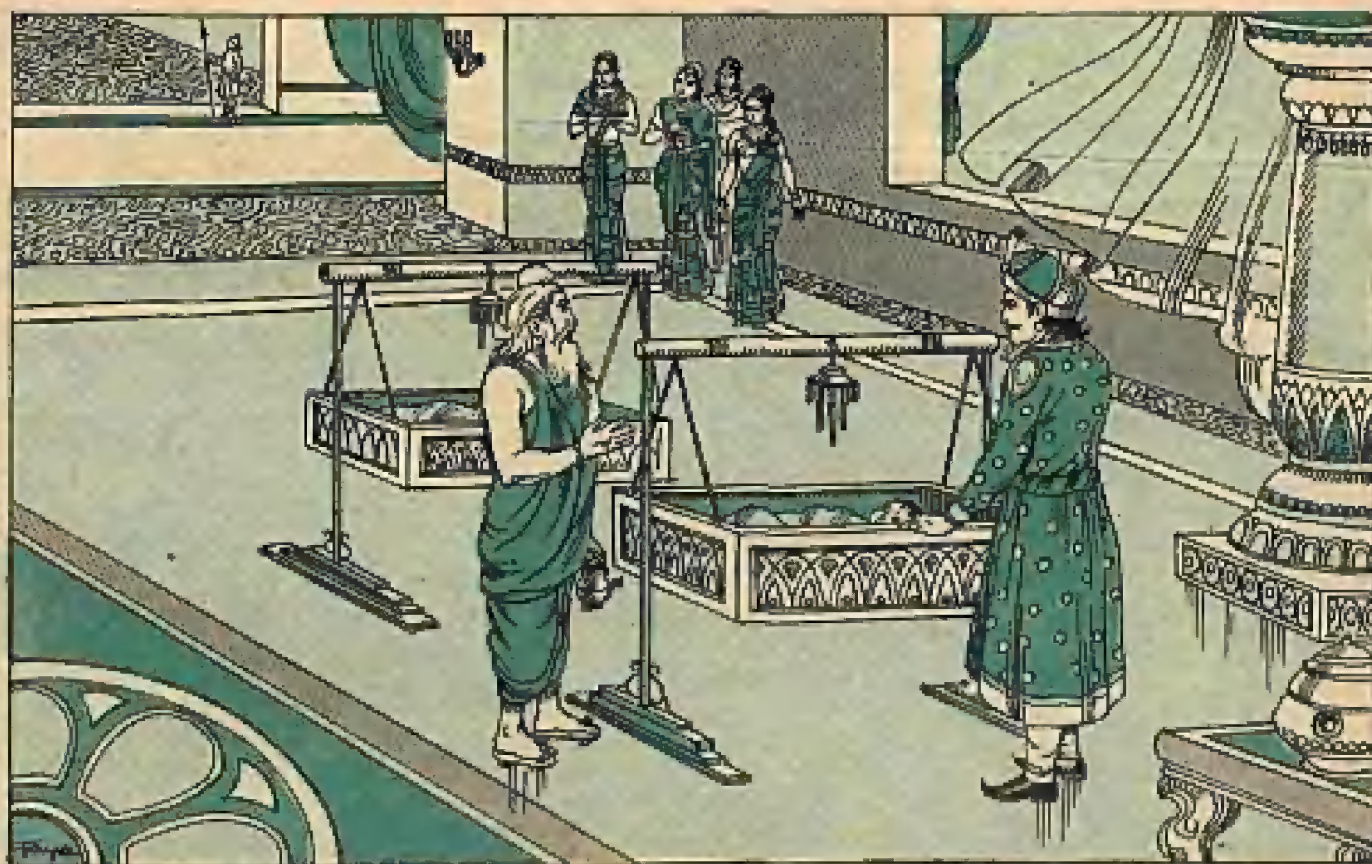
had met long ago. The king did not doubt him.

"Why are you looking pensive?" asked the bandit-chief.

The king led him into a room and showed two infants lying in two swings. The bandit-chief saw that one of the two was his son.

"These don't look to be the off springs of the same mother!" observed the bandit-chief.

"They are not. One is my son, the other is the bandit-chief's. Since my stealing the child, the bandits have stopped operating, but both the kids are suffering from a serious ailment. It is difficult to find



the right herb which can cure them," said the king.

Just then a physician arrived there and announced that he had found the necessary herb, but the quantity was sufficient for the treatment of only one child.

"I begin treating the prince with the rare herb", declared the physician.

"No," said the king decisively. "Save the bandit's babe first. If more herbs are available, the prince's treatment can be taken up."

The disguised bandit-chief exclaimed, "My lord, do you consider the life of a bandit's son to be more valuable than that of the prince?"

"The child is not the bandit! I have kidnapped him for the sake of saving my subjects from the menace of the gang. But as

long as the child is in my custody, it is my responsibility to protect him. If the bandit has the heart of a father, he might one day surrender himself to recover his child. If I cannot return his child safe, I will have no right to try him!" said the king.

"O great king!" exclaimed the bandit-chief, "I am the fellow you are looking for. Do unto me as you like!"

The king was surprised and delighted. The bandit-chief soon fetched much of the plundered property and surrendered them to the king. He also commanded his gang to surrender. The king provided them with suitable occupations.

The infant prince was cured soon, along with the bandit's son, as more herb was discovered.





THE PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

Shivram was a well-known physician. People of his area had a great faith in him. He always kept busy paying visits to his patients or examining those who came to his house. Also, he had to spend much time gathering herbs and preparing medicines out of them.

He did everything himself, but he did them with great dedication. It was high time he had someone to assist him.

One day a young man named Sushil met him and desired to serve him.

"Through serving you, I can learn the science of curing the sick and become a physician myself," said Sushil.

"You are welcome to serve

me. I shall pay you for that. But whether you can become a physician or not is a different matter," said Shivram.

Sushil, however, was quite confident of his capacity to master the science of *Ayurveda*. He continued to inquire from Shivram the secrets of various medicines. Shivram continued to satisfy his curiosity.

One day Shivram went to see a patient, taking Sushil with him. The patient was delighted to see the great physician. But Shivram frowned at him while examining his pulse and asked, "Had I not asked you to refrain from taking anything except what I had listed?"

"Yes, sir, and I have followed

your prescription in all sincerity!" replied the patient.

"No, you have not. Have you not chewed up a few pieces of sugarcane?" asked the physician.

"Yes, sir, that I have done," confessed the patient apologetically.

"Don't do it again," cautioned Shivram.

On their way back home, the amazed Sushil asked, "Master! Is it possible to know what a patient has taken, from his pulse?"

Shivram laughed. "My boy, one has to apply one's common sense. I noticed a piece or two of chewed up sugarcane lying under the patient's cot."

Sushil felt quite enlightened.

Next day Shivram was to pay a visit to another patient. But he felt unwell and sent Sushil with some medicines.

But Sushil was not the man to return only after delivering the medicines. He felt the patient's pulse and assuming gravity, demanded of the patient "How many frogs did you gobble up today?"

Needless to say, he had noticed a frog under the patient's cot.

The patient happened to be a haughty man. He stopped short of planting a slap on Sushil's cheek, and showed him the way.

Shivram was informed of the incident. He called Sushil and said, "You cannot remain satisfied with merely serving me. On the other hand, it will be dangerous for the patient as well as for yourself if you style yourself a physician. The best thing for you will be to find some other vocation.. Please leave me."





A long time had passed since the reign of Rama. It was the *Dwapara* Era, with Krishna reigning at Dwaraka after destroying Kamsa and several other wicked beings.

Dwaraka was a prosperous land on the sea. The people were happy and safe under Krishna's rule. In those days the kings carried on their administration in consultation with the sages. Those of the sages who knew who Krishna really was, frequented Dwaraka often. The people of Dwaraka were lucky to come in contact with them; they were luckier to be ruled by Krishna. Few, however, realised this.

Krishna's elder brother, Balarama, was his great lieute-

nant in ruling the land. Garuda, the celestial bird who was Vishnu's vehicle, resided with Krishna for, Krishna was Vishnu's incarnation.

It was at this phase of his life that Krishna had killed Narakasura. His wife, Satyabhama, had been of great help to him in accomplishing that task. And that made her think that she was the foremost of the eight queens of Krishna.

One day the sage Narada brought a *Parijata*, the flower of heaven, and presented it to Rukmini, another queen of Krishna. At that Satyabhama felt insulted. At her request Krishna carried her to heaven, both seated on Garuda. Satyabhama asked Garuda to uproot



a Parijata tree which he did. That enraged Indra who applied his thunder against Garuda. But Garuda tossed the great weapon off and returned to the earth, unscathed. That made Garuda quite proud of his own power.

Satyabhama planted the Parijata tree in her own garden and was very happy.

Balarama had killed a terrible demon named Dwida, who looked like a tail-less ape and who was an accomplice of Narakasura. He too had been quite proud on that account.

Krishna secretly smiled at the pride of the three.

One day Garuda tried to catch

an infant Naga. (The Nagas were supernatural serpents who could take human form.) The infant's mother tried to save her child. As she ran away with the child, crying for help, Garuda pursued her. The mother-Naga met Narada who told her, "Recite Rama's name and resort to Hanuman's protection. There is no other go for you."

Narada then showed her the way to Gandhamadan mountain.

Hanuman sat in meditation. The mother-Naga placed her child at his feet and cried out, "I pray in Rama's name. Save us!"

Hanuman opened his eyes and said, "Remain here and be fearless."

Garuda reached there soon. Said Hanuman, "O King of Birds, eat me and satisfy your appetite."

"The serpents are my natural food, not you," shouted Garuda with vehemence as if to terrorise Hanuman. But as soon as he stooped down to lift the child Naga, Hanuman threw his tail around him, caught him tight and after making him spin in the air a few times, hurled him away.

Garuda went flying and fell before Balarama.

The mother-Naga prostrated herself to Hanuman and departed to the nether-world, to the safety of King Vasuki's protection. She was his sister.

Balarama realised how very humiliated Garuda felt.

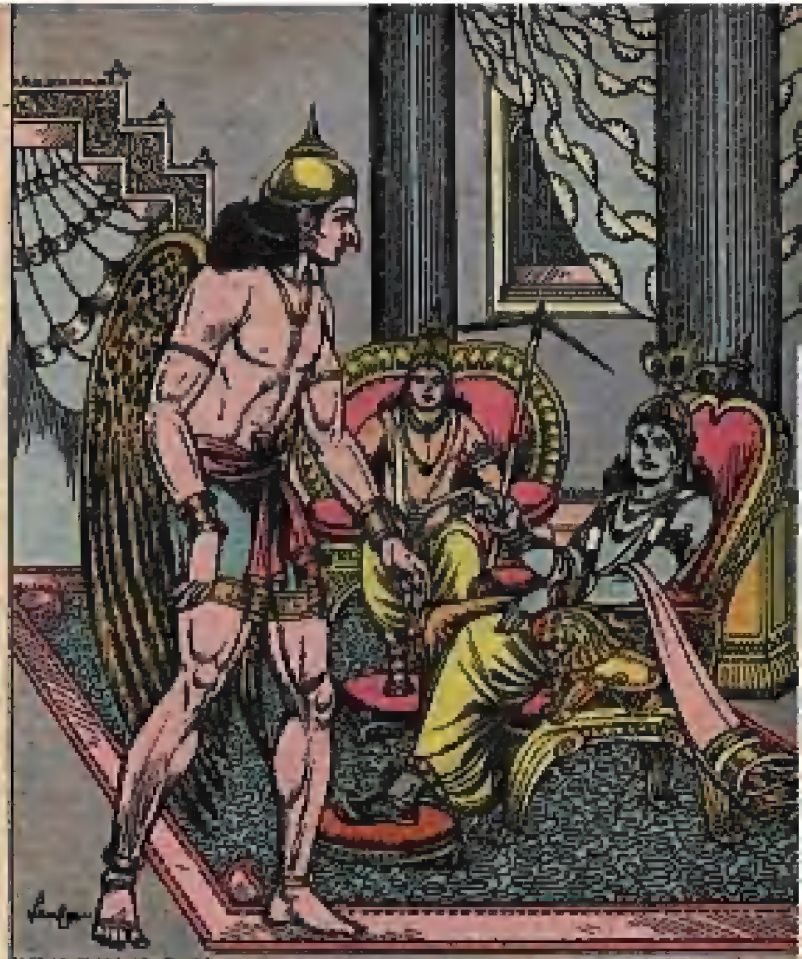
"Go and tell Hanuman that I summon him!" he advised Garuda.

Garuda went back to Hanuman although he was not quite happy about it, and conveyed Balarama's instruction to him. But Hanuman seemed not to hear. Garuda flapped his gigantic wings, thereby trying to attract Hanuman's attention. When that was of no avail, he thought of giving a shake to Hanuman. But he remembered of his earlier humiliation and refrained from doing so and returned to Dwaraka.

"Well, Garuda, go and tell Hanuman that he is summoned by Rama!" said Krishna.

This time, as soon as Hanuman got the message, he started for Dwaraka and reached there in a few bounds and, standing before Krishna's palace, exclaimed, "Hail to my Lord, Rama!"

Balarama came out and an-

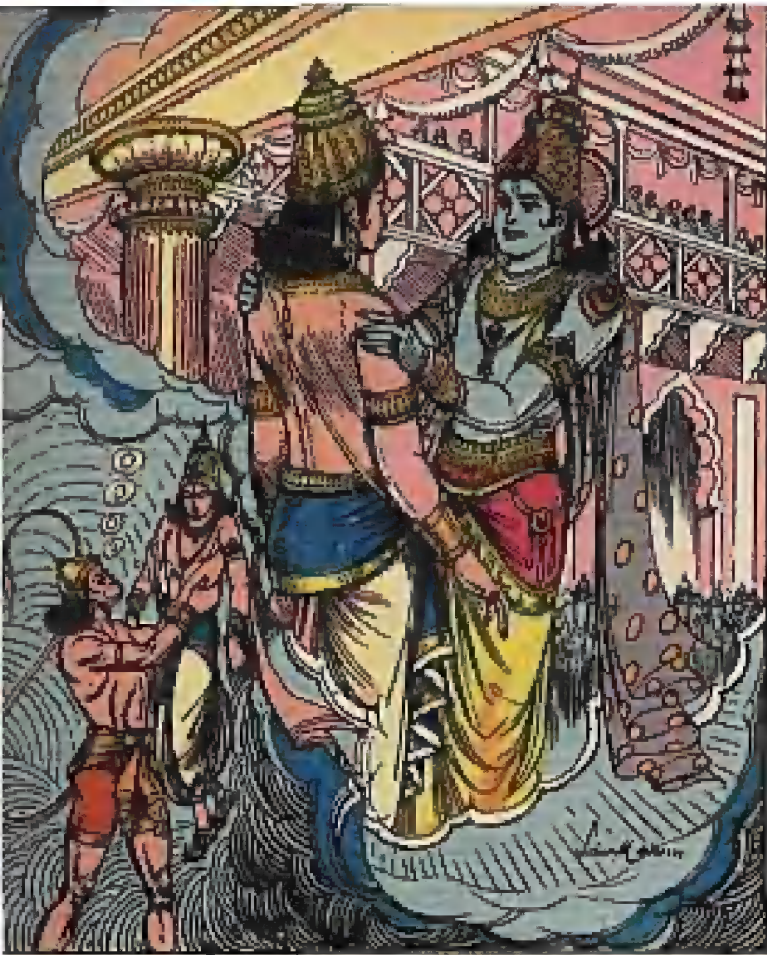


nounced to him, "Look at me, I am not mere Rama, but Balarama! You better utter my full name."

"How do I care whether you are Balarama (Rama the Strong) or Durvalarama (Rama the Weak)? What have I to do with you?" blurted out Hanuman.

The enraged Balarama raised his weapon, the plough. But Hanuman snatched it with his tail and hurled it away. Balarama clenched his fists and rushed at Hanuman who lifted him with both hands and threw him down.

Balarama almost fainted. Lying in a state of stupor, he remembered certain incidents of



his previous life:

While Rama's coronation ceremony was on, Lakshmana had suddenly been found laughing. All were surprised, for that was certainly no time for laughter. Even Rama looked with some disgust. But Hanuman explained to Rama: While in exile, Lakshmana deemed it his solemn duty never to slacken his watch on Rama and Sita. He prayed to the Goddess of Sleep that he be exempted from the need to sleep for fourteen years. The goddess granted the prayer. Lakshmana's quota of sleep had been borne by his wife, Urmila.

It had also been prophesied

that the fearful Indrajit, Ravana's son could be killed only by one who had given up both food and sleep for fourteen years. Lakshmana had given up food too. That is how he was able to kill Indrajit.

Since Rama's coronation marked the end of their troubles, Lakshmana suddenly felt light at heart and laughed aloud.

Rama felt overwhelmed with love and gratitude for Lakshmana. He embraced him and said, "My brother, I must be born as your younger brother in my next incarnation. That will give me an opportunity to pay back your debt."

Balarama now understood that it was he who was Lakshmana in his previous incarnation. Upon recovering his senses, he told Hanuman, "Welcome, O hero, you who had saved my life by securing the elixir from far, when I was Lakshmana. Come on, let me lead you to Rama!"

Balarama announced Hanuman to Krishna. But Krishna sprang up, seemingly furious, and shouted, "How dared you insult my elder brother? Let us now see how you can protect yourself from my wrath!"

Something most unexpected

happened. Krishna and Hanuman were locked in a fight. Hanuman gathered all his strength and threw Krishna down. But Krishna got up in no time and planted a heavy blow on Hanuman's chest. That was the moment when Krishna's feet touched Hanuman.

At once, at the touch of the lotus feet, Hanuman realised that Krishna was none other than Rama. He now remembered how, after Sita had been rescued, Rama used harsh words towards her upon which he had told Rama, "I feel like fighting with you because of your conduct!" Rama, smiling, had replied, "A time will come when your desire will be fulfilled."

Delighted, Hanuman now said, "My lord, please appear before me as Rama!"

"Very well, Hanuman, I will appear before you as Rama, along with Sita and Lakshmana," said Krishna. Lakshmana, as Balarama, was already there. Krishna sent a message into the palace asking Sita to come out. The message reached Satyabhama in such a manner that she took it for granted that it was she who, in her previous incarnation, had been Sita.



Bedecked with ornaments, she came out and stood beside Krishna.

But Hanuman said, "I know you. You were Chandrasena. Rama had given you word that in his incarnation as Krishna he will accept you as one of his eight queens. He has kept his promise. You are lucky, indeed!"

Satyabhama remembered her past life and her pride was gone. She approached Rukmini and said, "My sister! You, I am sure, are the reincarnation of Sita. Be kind towards Hanuman and appear before him as Sita!"

Rukmini was pleased to come

out. Krishna and Rukmini stood before Hanuman as Rama and Sita. Balarama stood as Lakshmana. Hanuman fixed his gaze on the lotus feet of his Master for long, immersed in untold joy. Sita blessed him, saying, "Live forever, my child!"

Thereafter Krishna returned to his usual form and told Hanuman, "You may retire to the Himalayas and dwell in a banana grove. In due course you will be met by Bhima, who is a younger brother of yours, for he too is a son of the God of Wind. You should teach him the art of wielding the mace and that of wrestling."

As Hanuman prostrated himself to Krishna and Rukmini and was about to depart, Satyabhama told him, "O Hanuman, because you had led Rama to me in my previous life, I got

him as my husband in this life. I am grateful to you."

Hanuman bowed to Satyabhama and said, "Mother! You are Satyabhama. The Lord's marriage with you symbolises that the Lord and Satya—the Truth—are one."

Balarama embraced Hanuman and said, "It is due to you that I remembered my past life and got rid of my pride. I am grateful to you."

Garuda bowed down to Hanuman and said, "O Great Soul, I remember Vishnu once telling me that in future you will reside, along with me, in the Ocean of Milk."

Garuda escorted Hanuman up to the Himalayas and took leave of him. Soon Hanuman found out a quiet grove with a murmuring brook nearby. He sat down under a robust banana plant and was lost in a trance.

(To be continued)





ADVICE THAT CLICKED

Gopu's father was left in no doubt that his son was a useless guy. He had tried to make the boy interested in all sorts of vocations—from gardening to painting. But the boy would not concentrate on anything.

At last the disgusted father left him at the ashram of a savant. Gopu lived there, not as a student, but as a worker, serving the savant.

He returned to his village twelve years later. He had learnt no scripture, but he had memorised a number of Sanskrit sayings and had remembered a lot of anecdotes.

The father was not sure what to do with the boy. He waited to see if the boy had really

achieved any virtue that would help him in life!

The villagers were proud of the fact that one of the village youths had lived for so many years in the ashram of a renowned savant. They took Gopu for a wise man and consulted him on their problems. Gopu was always ready with his advice.

But his father continued to be unhappy. He was not sure how Gopu was going to earn a living.

A farmer named Lakshmana had a good crop. He wished to store the grain. But his wife desired to have a few ornaments. If he had to satisfy his wife's desire, he must sell the major

part of the grain. He asked Gopu what he should do.

"Better sell your grain and buy her the ornaments," was Gopu's advice.

Lakshmana followed the advice. A fortnight later his house caught fire and whatever grain he had was destroyed. Luckily he had sold the bulk of the grain to buy the ornaments. Now, by selling his wife's ornaments he was able to rebuild his house.

Lakshmana felt extremely grateful to Gopu for his advice. He sang Gopu's glory everywhere and made him famous.

The king of the land faced a crisis when a feudal chief revolted against him. The king led an army against the chief. At night he camped in Gopu's village. Prominent villagers met the king and Gopu was among

them. The king had heard of Gopu's fame.

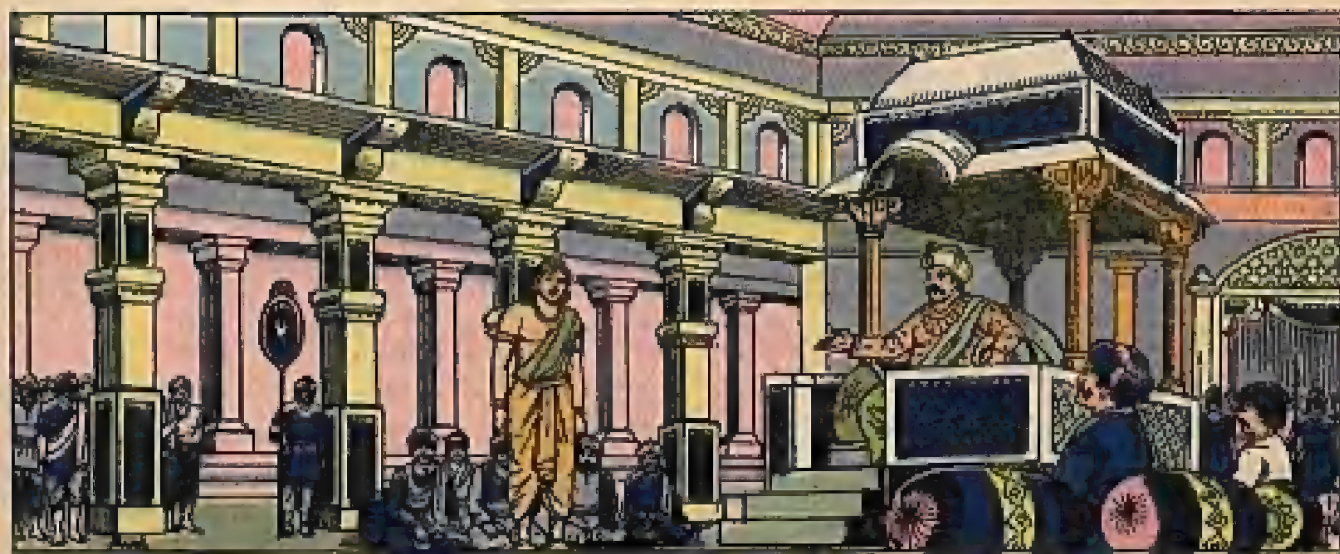
"Have you any advice for me in regard to the present problem?" the king asked Gopu.

"My lord, let another battalion of army follow you, for even when the snake is small, the stick used to kill it ought to be strong," said Gopu.

The king immediately ordered for another battalion to follow him.

In the battle that ensued, the king was about to be defeated, for the chief, through spies, knew the strength of the army he led and was prepared to face him. But the second battalion, summoned at Gopu's advice, came to his rescue and the chief was defeated.

The king lost no time in appointing Gopu as one of his ministers.



REWARD AND PUNISHMENT

In a certain village lived a great scholar. But very few people were capable of recognising his merit. The scholar never tried to publicise himself.

He remained poor. One day a nobleman happened to camp in that village. He came in touch with the scholar and was highly impressed by his wisdom and learning.

Back in the capital, the nobleman told the king all about the scholar and said, "It is a shame that such a learned man should live the life of a pauper."

The king sent a gift of a thousand gold mohurs to the scholar, through two trusted messengers.

When the scholar heard of the gift, he remained pensive for a moment. He then said, "Please take the gift back. I cannot accept this!"

After the perplexed messengers left, the scholar was asked by his wife, "What was the wisdom in refusing the gift?"

"The king remains personally ignorant of my merit. He decided to reward me because someone has praised me before him. If tomorrow someone criticises me, he may decide to punish me. If I happily accept the reward today, I should also happily receive his punishment tomorrow. Since I cannot do that, I refused the reward," explained the scholar.





MENDICANT AT LAST!

Chowdhury was a millionaire. Of course, the means through which he had gathered his millions were not all fair, but that did not mean that he was all bad! Had he been that, the thought of becoming a mendicant would not have occurred to him when he had just crossed sixty.

One day he confided to his wife, "The life I have led cannot be called clean. In order to get rid of the unhappy consequences of my actions, I must concentrate on God. That will be possible if I go away as a mendicant!"

"I must accompany you," said his wife.

Soon Chowdhury's mother

heard of his son's mood. "How can I continue to live in luxury while my millionaire son would wander as a mendicant? I too must leave this world with him," she declared.

Even Chowdhury's young son expressed his determination to turn a mendicant. Chowdhury was deeply moved.

"I understand that you all cannot do without me. Very well, I won't go far. Let a hut be built for me outside the village. That will ensure my remaining near you, at the same time away from home!" Chowdhury proposed.

All liked the idea. What was built for him was of course not a hut, but a very comfortable

building. But Chowdhury could not complain because his son planned the house with so much love!

Chowdhury moved to the new house. He had a good time chatting with the idle old folk of the village. Now that he lived away from home, his wife saw to it that he was served with very choice food.

One night Chowdhury dreamt:

"Chowdhury! It is time for you to go to heaven. Step into the chariot!" a luminous angel told him.

The delighted Chowdhury called out to his wife, "Come on,

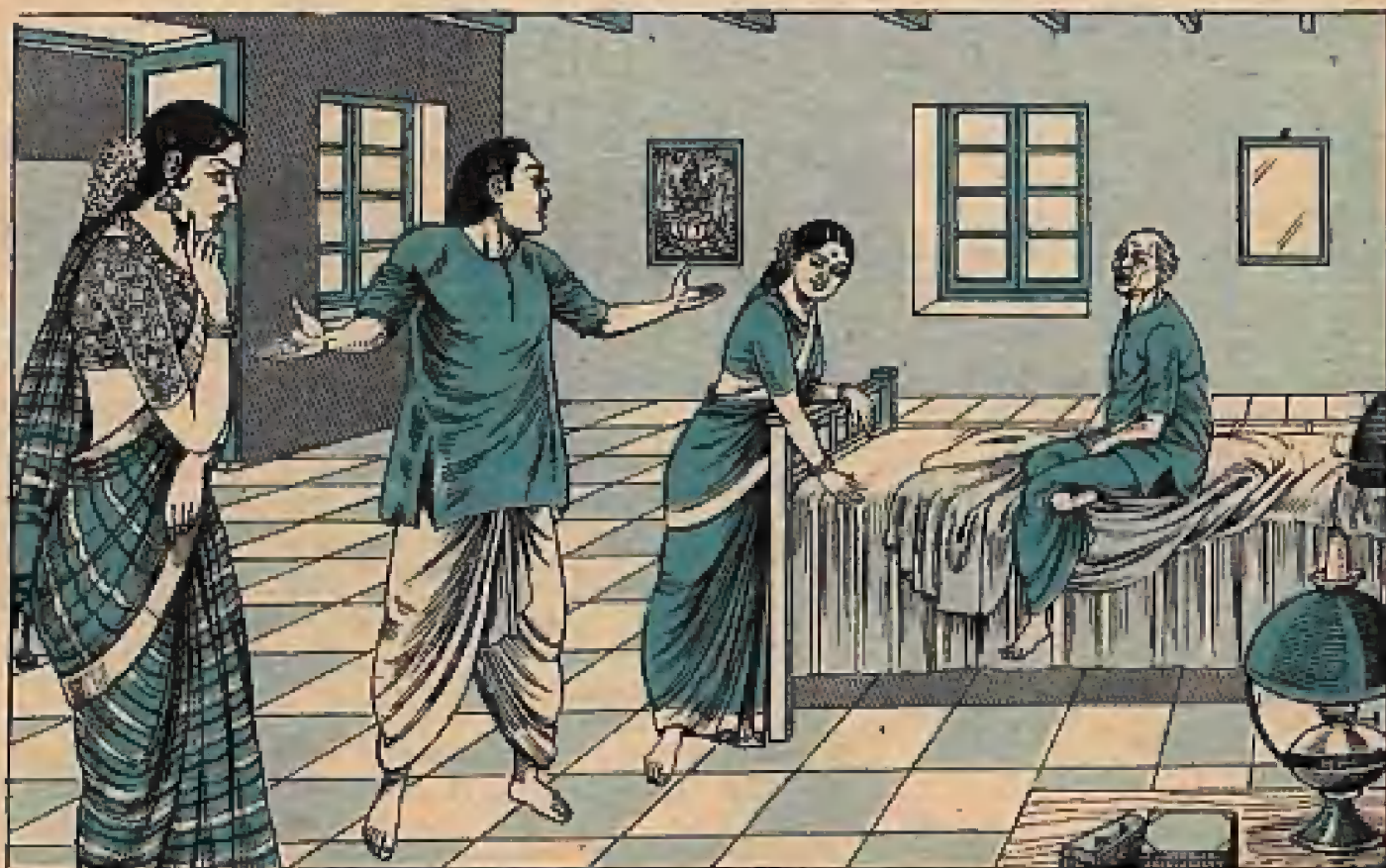
let's go!"

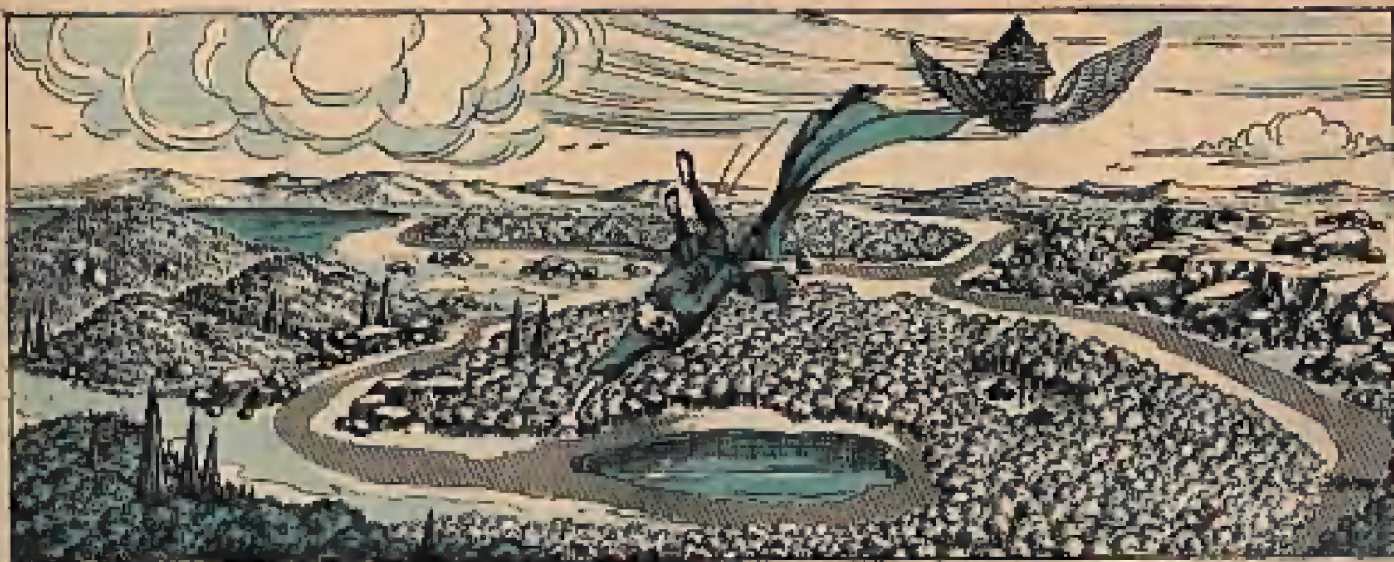
"But I can't go leaving my only son behind!" said the wife and she offered her son a seat in the chariot.

"How can I go leaving my wife?" said the son and he dragged his wife along with him. Also Chowdhury deemed it proper to take his old mother with him and the mother insisted on taking with her her other son who, in his turn, took his wife with him.

The chariot took off. But it had not gone quite high when Chowdhury observed a crack in it. It was widening!

"I am afraid, this chariot is





meant only for one person—that is myself! You all must get down!” Chowdhury said in panic.

“How can you leave us!” shouted the others and they grabbed at Chowdhury. In order to get rid of them Chowdhury

jumped down. Instantly a hundred ghastly spirits surrounded him and began tormenting him.

He shrieked and his sleep terminated.

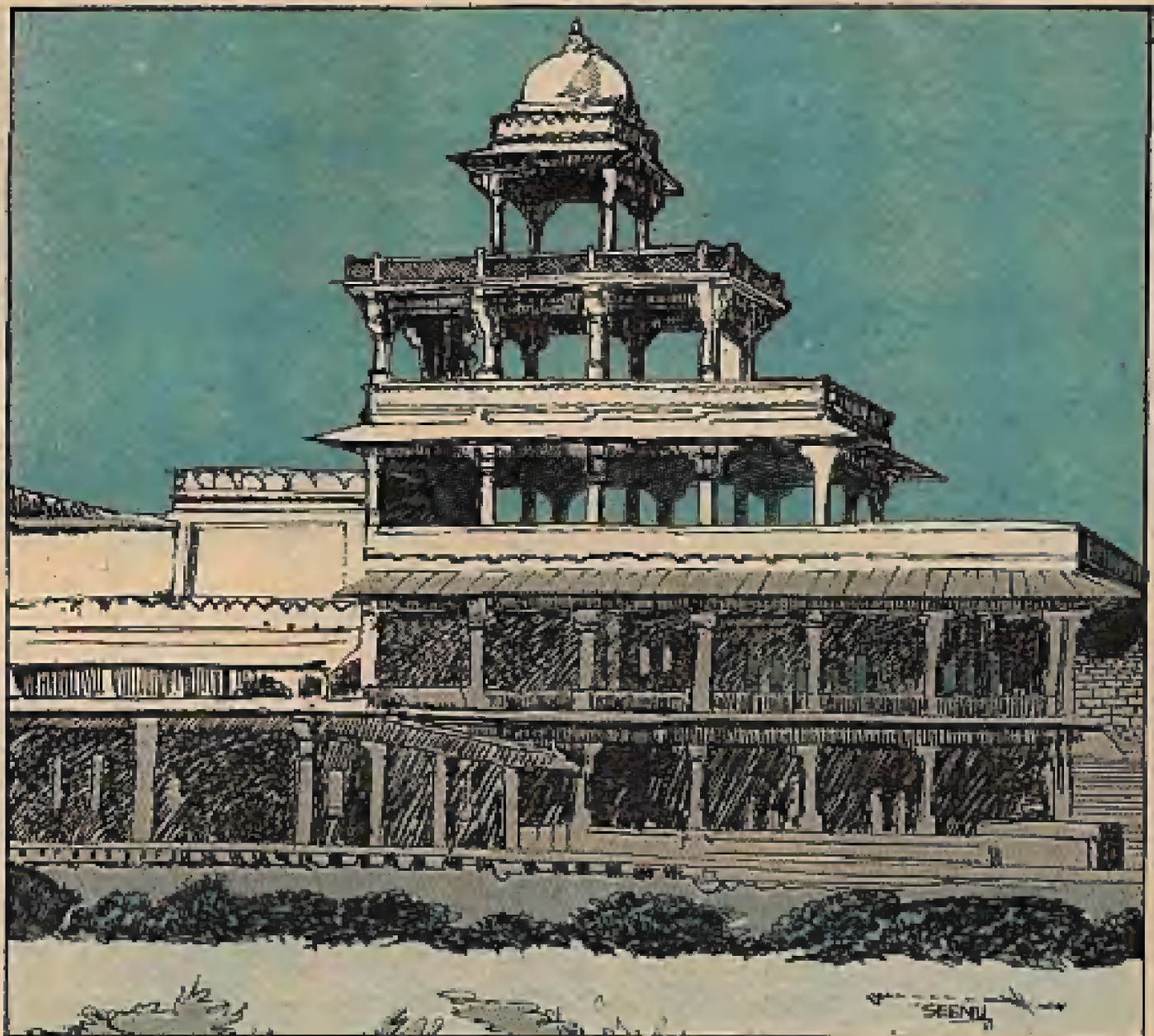
At midnight Chowdhury left the house, alone, a genuine mendicant!

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



FATEHPUR SIKRI

To 23 miles west of Agra, at Fatehpur Sikri, is to be seen the deserted fort of Akbar. A holy man, Shaikh Salim Chisti, resided here. A son was born to Akbar's Hindu queen, Jodh Bai, at the blessings of this saint, while the queen resided at Sikri. Akbar named the son Salim — to be later known as Jahangir, and began building a town at Sikri. After his victorious expedition to Gujarat, he named it Fatehpur—the Victory Town. This was his capital for fifteen years. Among the buildings are to be seen the tomb of Salim Chisti, Hawa Khana, and the residence of Birbal.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS AN ADJECTIVE!

"Mother! I have brought with me something unusual for you to see," announced Shyamal with some excitement, on his return from the school. He then led her into their drawing-room, where stood a nice little girl.

"Mother! My name is a proper noun; so is yours and father's. My friends, Jack Robinson, Madhukar Das, Ravi Raman - all are nouns. But this girl is an adjective. She is Gloria Willing!"

Mother had a tuff time explaining that although "willing" is an adjective with "will" as the noun, *Willing* was a surname and therefore a noun.

That apart, adjectives can be used as nouns in several cases. For example, *Poor* and *Sick* are adjectives. But we use them as nouns when we say, "The poor and the sick need the society's attention." There are idioms made of pairs of adjectives which are used as nouns: *The long and short*, *In black and white*, *Through thick and thin*, etc.

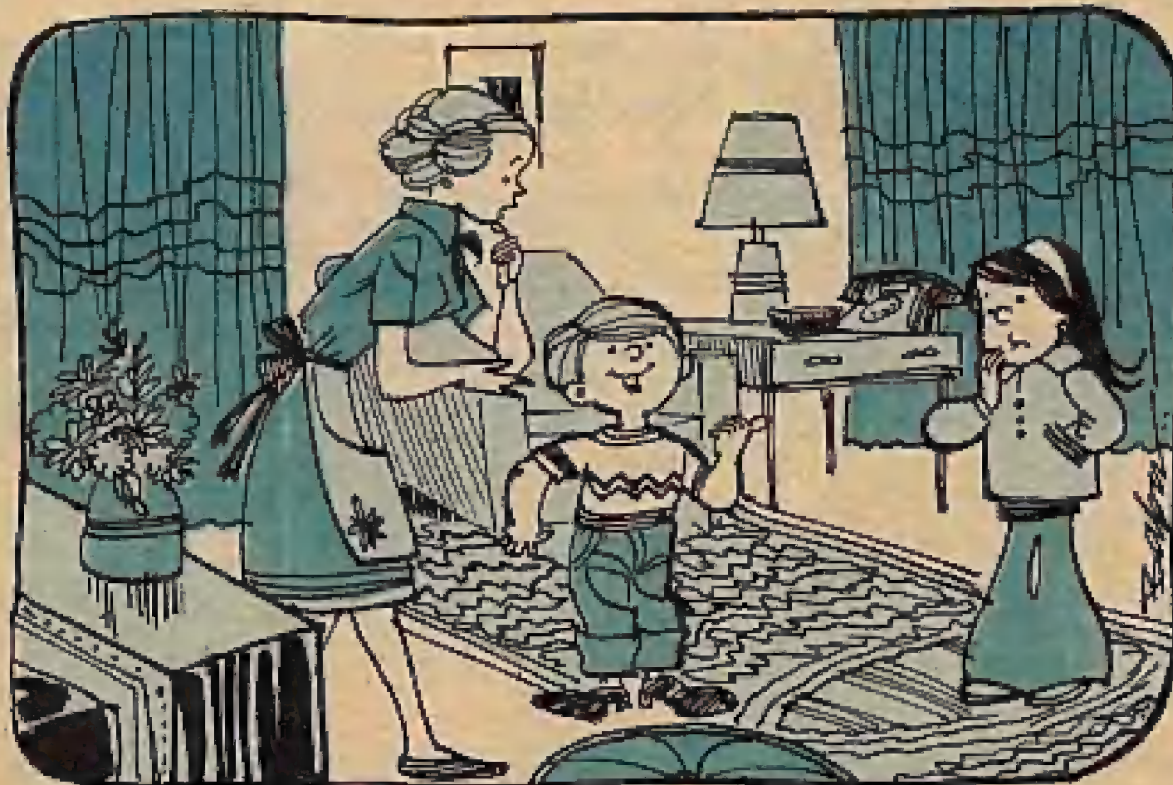


PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. R. Jayapalan



Mr. M. Natarajan

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, are several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 25 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th NOVEMBER
- Winning captions will be announced in JANUARY issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to :

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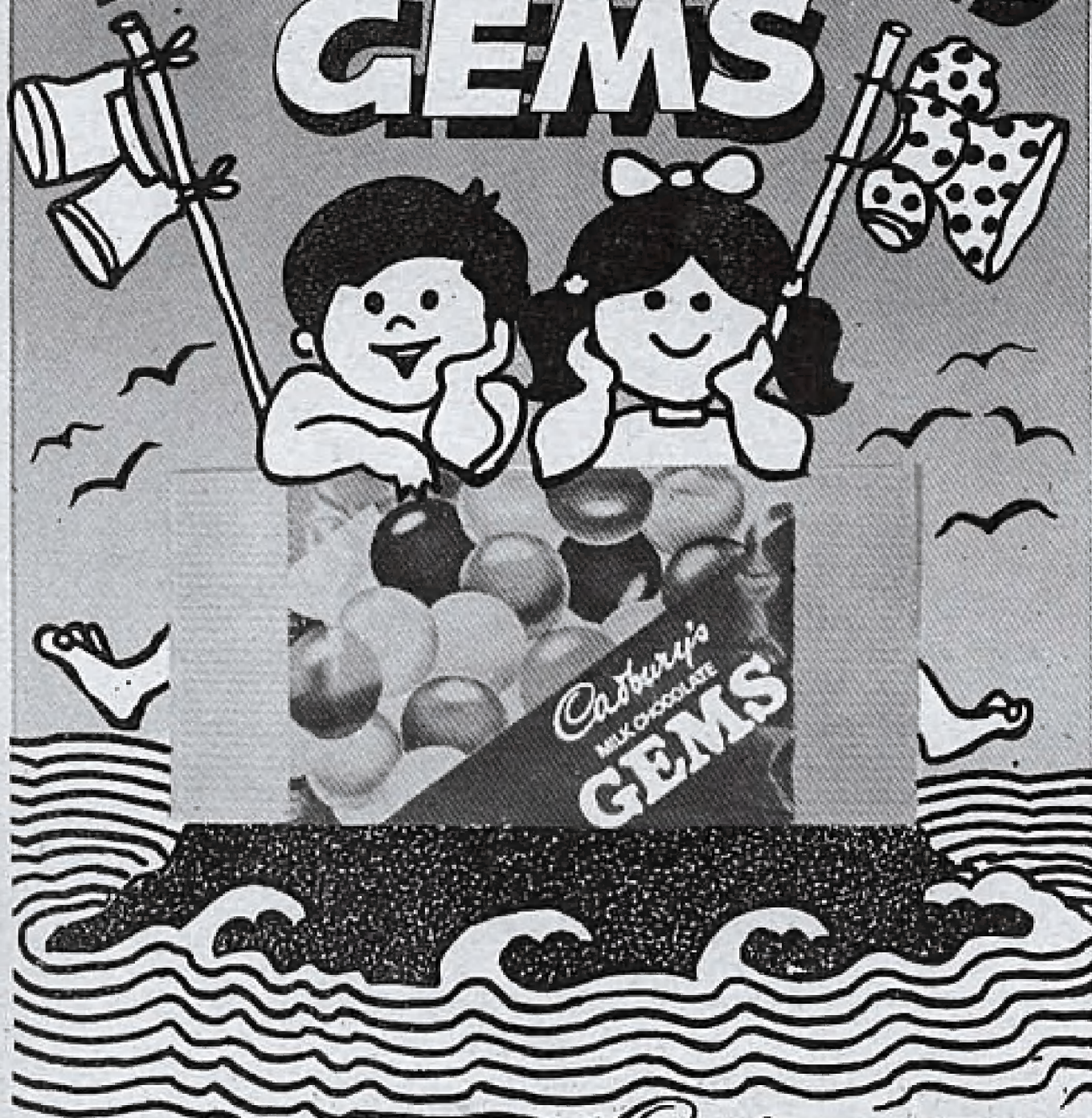
Miss Vina Ranganath, D/o. Mr. H. V. Ranganath,
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Winning Entry — 'Girls of Grace' — 'Girls in Pace'

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CHAITRA-C-105



**“How do you like
my new watch?”**

How do you think I got it? A birthday present? No. A reward for getting 100 in maths? No. I bought it through my own savings at UCOBANK. Yes friend, you too can *open* an account with UCOBANK. It's so simple. They're such friendly people. And so helpful!”

UCO/CAS-31



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